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LALLIE CHARLES.

LADY ENID VANE.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE TASK OF THE ALLIES.

ALTHOUGH as we write the Germans, demoralised or not, are still on soil foreign to them, some of our people are already beginning to discuss what we shall do with Germany at the end of the war. To formulate such proposals while the first military power in Europe is still possessed of a great army and an intact fleet is not practical politics; but it is of the utmost consequence, if we are to act with the unanimity which has characterised our action so far, that everybody should clearly and definitely understand the aims by which we are guided. They are great aims, and they must be so to sustain and hold together an Empire. Whether the German military system will hold out or not is a question that cannot be answered in the negative merely because the first items in the programme—a knock down blow at the Allies and a sudden descent on Paris—have failed. We do not yet know how the Colossus will fight when it is no longer for culture and territory and other fine objects, but for bare life that he is struggling. Whatever he does our line of action must be the same. Our

fight is for peace. And this peace must be no mere cessation of fighting, but a condition that, as far as human arrangement can go, makes sure of peace for a century, if not for ever. Talk about revenge is beside the mark. Great Britain, if we understand her aright, is animated with no lust for vengeance or desire to injure another country. But the ending of the 1870-1 war proved to be more calamitous than the beginning. Prussia, far from cultivating good relations with her prostrate foe, as later we did with the Boers, and Japan with Russia, bullied and threatened France and began preparations for a renewal of the struggle. Further, she started to develop new ambitions and to threaten her other neighbours. She had caught France at a weak moment, and because of winning, considered herself from that moment the dominant military power in Europe. Soon the German Army began to grow beyond any bounds previously dreamt of in Europe. When just after the Boer War the present Kaiser began the construction of a Navy as well, the menace of Germany became pronounced. In consequence, the other Powers had to arm in self-defence. Money gained in peaceful industry had to be lavished on armies and armaments. Europe became an armed camp. And yet there were people so blind that they would not take cognisance of Germany's military ambition. They fought against every addition to the British Navy and against the expense of every military precaution. When the explosion came Germany was naturally the only country fully prepared. What the cost of war to her and the rest of Europe has already been is a sum too stupendous to realise.

We take it that the end this country has in view by the outlay of so much treasure, the imposition of hardship and inconvenience, and, most of all, the sacrifice of so many noble lives, takes very little account of the dramatic sentiments of revenge and vengeance. It is simply that we and our children and, if possible, our children's children shall be allowed to live in peace, and that in the ultimate future there will be no need to impose taxes for the purpose of a vast army and a vast fleet. We recognise that Germany's war did not spring from any merely accidental quarrel, but was the outcome of ambitions long cherished and of plans carefully matured. The most ordinary common-sense will see that unless the hearts and minds of a nation could be miraculously changed, Germany, if obliged to patch up a peace on easy terms at the present moment, would merely set to work to get together new resources and prepare for a war of revenge. It might take twenty, thirty or even forty years to attain the requisite position, but judging from her past history, there can be very little doubt that she would set about this with pertinacious resolution, and in time become once more a menace to Europe that would cause every taxpayer in every country to pay more and more yearly for the purpose of keeping the forces of other countries on a par with hers. Finally would come another explosion of war in which she might probably win, because her arrogance and boastfulness will be purged away in the present conflict. To make terms permitting of this would be to stultify all we have done. The country will, we believe, as one man unite in supporting the government which does not hesitate to carry on the war until Germany is in a position when she will have to submit to conditions that will render it, to say the least, very difficult for her to recover her old menacing position. "First catch your hare," said an old authority on cooking, and it would be idle to discuss what possible forms a settlement can make as long as there is any doubt about the result. Many a hard fight, probably many a campaign, will have to be fought before the army and the fleet are subdued. When that is accomplished, and Berlin is in the hands of the Allies, it will be time enough to consider seriously the terms of peace; it will be time also to obtain such compensation as can be put in terms of money for the outrages committed in Belgium. In the meantime it will need a concentration of all the energy and skill of the Allies to solve the difficult problem presented by Prussian militarism.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Lady Enid Vane, elder daughter of the Earl of Westmorland, whose marriage to the Hon. Henry Vane took place on August 26th.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when application is made direct from the offices of the paper. When unofficial requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would at once forward the correspondence to him.

COUNTRY



· NOTES ·

WE are often tempted to speak of the great days of the past, but in the coldest and most judicial spirit it can be said, here and now, of "our island breed" that a man may well be proud to be an Englishman. This war has been conducted, as far as we are concerned, with stainless honour. It was undertaken from none of the questionable motives that have at times appealed to the men of this and other nations. As far as our side is concerned it was accurately described at the outset as "a war without hatred." The German nation, and not the German citizen, is our enemy. Nor was Britain actuated by desire of aggrandisement. Being forced to take up arms the nation did so with a characteristic sober strenuousness. Our soldiers have fought like gentlemen. Even the enemy has had to report at least one deed of bravery performed to succour foes about to perish; the bitterest tongue or pen has not found an incident on which to found a charge of licence or cruelty. Our troopers have been heroes in action, gentlemen out of it. Nor can any charge be brought against the management of our political affairs. From the Prime Minister downwards all the great officers of State have understood and interpreted the nation's "better angel." Not in the days of Good Queen Bess, or when Wellington was leading his armies on from victory to victory, had the nation more cause for an honest pride.

It will ever be remembered in the history of this war that recruiting began in earnest on the arrival of the first important list of casualties. This seems to have been felt by the population as an insulting blow which was to be resented with the vehemence natural to men who have inherited a martial spirit, even though they have been fostered in peace. Many instances have occurred in which whole families have joined the ranks. There was one case which came before our eyes that deserved mention, because incidentally it laid bare a grievance. A middle-aged, rough, casual labourer, a noted pugilist in his village, went with his two sons to enlist, and it was with genuine grief that he found his progeny accepted but himself refused on the ground of age. Naturally, he thought that a commander-in-chief must have suicidal tendencies to reject the services of so doughty a warrior! He went on to say that "at any rate, when a man wanted to 'list and wasn't took, they ought to give him a receipt, because that is a great help in getting a job." Some volunteers would undoubtedly find it of advantage to possess documentary evidence that they offered their services.

The facts about recruiting are very gratifying indeed. In another part of the paper it will be seen that Mr. J. L. Green, the Secretary of the Rural League, the organisation of which has been for the time being placed at the services of the military authorities, reports that in a fortnight or thereabouts there was produced "an accession of considerably over 10,000 villagers to Lord Kitchener's new Army."

It is evident that the initial delay was due to the fact that the farm labourers were urgently required to finish the harvest. Railway companies have also done excellently well. To take an example, the London and North Western employs an army of 70,000 workers, and of this number 45,000 are boys and men past the recruiting age. Nevertheless, from the workers of this railway company no fewer than 7,000 men have enlisted. This result is splendid, and from all that we hear it is typical of what has occurred in the other great railway companies. Moreover, the statistics that come to hand from other great employers of labour are not less satisfactory. Such facts afford abundant proof that the working men of this country have thoroughly grasped the fact that a triumph of Prussian militarism would be an event of sad omen for the liberty and welfare of the working classes.

If it were necessary to vindicate Russia's action no man could be reckoned on to do so more effectually than Professor Vinogradoff. His letter in the *Times* of Monday will repay the most careful study. At times he shows the insight of a poet, as in his reference to the blindness of those German writers who did not know "that there is a nation's spirit watching over England's safety and greatness, a spirit at whose mighty call all party differences and racial strifes fade into insignificance." In regard to Russia, they were still more ignorant, expecting that the army would consist of ill-trained and badly led men; whereas "they were confronted with soldiers of the same type as those whom Frederick the Great and Napoleon admired, led at last by chiefs worthy of their men." On the point of culture Professor Vinogradoff is still more convincing. He has no difficulty in showing that the new thought and literature of the twentieth century have come almost exclusively from Russia, which has been leading the way in fiction, in drama and even in poetry. But Germany in her blindness has in reality made a united empire of Russia, just as in her tactless handling of the Agadir question and the consequent necessity of her retirement she taught the French a self-reliance and self-respect greater than they had experienced since the *débâcle*.

ONE OF THE RANK AND FILE.

He came, as many thousands come,
Who make our Army's rank and file,
From narrow street, and reeking slum,
Companion of the low and vile.

Unwarmed of aught but base desires,
What spark slept in that common clay,
To light the soul's divinest fires,
And purge its earthy dross away?

For here, a bullet in his breast,
He lies face upwards to the sky;
And, dulce et decorum est—
'Tis writ—for fatherland to die.

A nameless grave, undecked of flowers,
Nor marked by monumental stone!
Yet Glory guards her hero's hours,
And Honour claims him for her own.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

One of the most remarkable journalistic adventures of the war is recounted by Mr. Alexander Powell, who represents the *New York World* and the *Daily Chronicle*. Under circumstances on which we need not dwell, the German Commander of the Ninth Imperial Field Army, General von Boeln, sent for Mr. Powell, who was at Ghent, in order that he might give what he called a correct version of the alleged atrocities in the field. The conversation that ensued on this matter has been very widely printed. It was wholly unsatisfactory. Everybody will admit that there are in the German Army officers who are gentlemen and privates who are humane, but General von Boeln was utterly unable to combat the facts set before him by his visitor, who himself had been an eye-witness of the fearful doings of which he spoke. He had helped to bury outside of Sempst a white-haired old man and his son who had been killed merely because the retreating Belgians had shot a German outside their dwelling. There were twenty-two bayonet wounds in the man's face. He had attended the funeral of a child of two years old, shot in her mother's arms by a Uhlan. And he knew about an old man hung from the rafters of his house

and roasted to death by a bonfire being built under him. No attempt was made to contradict these stories, and they do not include any of the worst forms of outrage. General von Boehn lamely contended that when civilians fire upon troops it is necessary to teach them "a lasting lesson," but that is only providing an excuse for those who break the laws of civilised warfare.

Still more interesting in a way is the account of the Germans in the field given by this correspondent. He seems to have been impressed to an extraordinary degree by the splendour of the army. The men are young and "keen as razors and hard as nails." The horses are "magnificent." The field guns of the Imperial Guard are almost twice the size of any of those used in the American Army, and the most astonishing were the gigantic howitzers, each drawn by sixteen pairs of horses, "which can tear a city to pieces at a distance of a dozen miles." It is interesting to learn that every soldier is provided with maps of Belgium, and that these are fine examples of topography, "every path, farm, building and clump of trees being shown." A hint of another side of the great host is found in the description of a German newspaper printed on the field of battle and distributed to the soldiers. "It contained," writes the correspondent drily, "nothing but accounts of German victories of which I had never heard, but which seemed to greatly cheer the men." We have all been accustomed to regard the German Army as the most formidable war machine ever shaped by hand of man. All the more credit and glory to those who have proved that it is not invincible.

The following notice, which we have received from the officer in command, has especial interest for our readers: "Arrangements have now been made to register names of hardy sporting gentlemen for special battalion up to forty-five years of age. Only those used to shooting, hunting, rowing and outdoor sports, who are thoroughly sound and physically fit, need apply." The corps is being recruited at the Hotel Cecil with the sanction of Lord Kitchener, and possesses the approval of the War Office. There was a great need for such a regiment. In point of fact, several of our most distinguished big-game shooters have been complaining bitterly that they were excluded from volunteering by the age limit. A big-game shot is usually about his best from thirty-five to forty-five, and it would be easy to name several men who are still great sportsmen and yet septuagenarians. Sportsmen in the prime are ready-made soldiers. They may be recruits, but they start their military career with that coolness in moments of danger which they have learned from the peril of sport. They may almost be called seasoned troops from the start.

Lady Bathurst, in the *Morning Post*, has bewailed the fact that while the French are never tired of their National Anthem, "La Marseillaise," and the Germans chant their "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles" at every moment of excitement, there is a tendency in Great Britain to neglect the National Anthem. The facts, no doubt, are as stated, but their recital loses point because it is impossible to draw the inference that the young men of any nation are more patriotic than our own. From the most remote villages and from the great towns alike recruits have crowded in, and those who have watched these young men in their preliminary marches, discipline not being enforced very rigidly in the country lanes along which they pass, have noticed that they sing for choice a ditty from the halls while our soldiers marched across France to the tune, "It's a long, long way to Tipperary." But then we must judge by results. The stubborn tenacity which the Army under Sir John French has displayed in the field and the steady and concentrated patriotism which has been developed in every direction could not have been deepened by the singing of any anthems whatever.

From the time of the Boer War the unerring popular judgment has singled out Sir John French as an outstanding figure in the British Army, but his despatches from the front exhibit him in a new light. As military annals they satisfy the judgment of critics as much as Julius Cæsar's "De Bello Gallico," and higher praise could not be given. What surprises and pleases their student is the superb tranquillity and detachment with which they have been written. They must have been composed while the smoke of battle still hung dark above the fair fields of France and the furious

din of gun and shell fire deafened the ear. During the unparalleled conflict when the Hunnish legions were ravaging like wolves round the small British Army, which they had vowed to destroy or envelop, the commander's brain must have worked with the coolness of ice and the swiftness of electricity. Yet in the despatches there is no trace either of war's fever or its exhaustion. Step by step and point by point he elucidates the progress of the fight with a keen eye for the splendid work of General Smith-Dorrien and his other officers, but without a scrap of rhetoric or excited speech. These despatches are the composition of a man among men.

Nothing could have been more welcome to the British than the high tribute paid, not only by Sir John French, but General Joffre, to the efficiency of the British Flying Corps. Previously a great deal had been heard of the service rendered to the German Army by Zeppelins and aviators in the way of locating troops and directing artillery fire, but silence was maintained as to what was being done on our side. Now at last we got a record of "the precision, exactitude and regularity" of the news brought in by the English airmen, to whom the French Commander awarded special and glowing praise. For twenty days up to September 10th, they have done an average of nine reconnaissance flights a day of 100 miles each. Also they have most successfully dealt with hostile aircraft, waging aerial warfare with a keenness that has established for them a moral superiority over the Germans. A brilliant instance is that of Lieutenant Spratt, who at Montmorency, having sighted a German airman, gave chase and, soaring like a hawk above its prey, forced him to surrender and plane downwards. The foe, whose name is Heisdon, when nearing the ground, made a dash for liberty, but Lieutenant Spratt did not hesitate, any more than if he had been a falcon stooping at a partridge, to drop on the enemy from a height of 100ft., sustaining wounds himself, but securing his prisoner and smashing the German machine.

THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

(Written in South Africa.)

Sunset, the veld, and space!
Ah, loved familiar view,
Altered and strange you seem to me to-night.
Your moods, but lately dear to sense and sight.
When all my moods you knew.
But now I cannot bear the peace upon your face.

Restless, have I not gazed?
And found in gazing balm?
Or petulant or sad? And troubles one by one
Melted to nothing here before the setting sun.
But now nor strength nor calm
Can comfort me, heart dumb with fear and spirit dazed.

Silence and Peace depart.
Down in the heart's hard core,
Such turbulence of heart!
I feel the beat of war.
'Tis the red blaze of war I see behind the sun.
Far am I? Not too far
To feel my pulses beat
Tune to the guns of war,
Time to the soldiers' feet.
Of her whose Armageddon has begun.

LEONORA LOCKHART.

Above the honoured signature of Sir Edward Fry there appears a characteristic appeal that there should be no reprisals for the atrocities committed by the German Army. Sir Edward's point is that if we are to make good our claim to be fighting for civilisation against a savage militarism, the people and Press of England, France and Russia alike ought to repress any desire to get even with our adversaries by adopting their methods. We entirely agree with Sir Edward Fry. These atrocities should not be repaid in kind, neither should they be passed over. It is right and proper that in the first place they should be brought under the notice of great neutral Powers like the United States, and if we succeed in the war against Germany, it would be a duty to exact for each atrocity a money compensation. The phrase looks a contradiction in terms, because atonement for some of these deeds is impossible, but this is the only practical plan which could be applied. It ought to be accom-

panied with a judicial investigation, performed by men who are above the slightest suspicion of partisanship; in other words, it should be an act of justice and not of revenge. The

publicity of investigation by an authoritative and dignified court would do more than anything else to act as a deterrent to future armies.

CORMORANTS NESTING IN NORFOLK

[Miss E. L. Turner has achieved many difficult feats in the art of photography, but none more interesting than that recorded below. The history of the adventure is as follows: On June 28th of this year Lord Hastings wrote to the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE: "Sir,—A pair of cormorants are nesting on the lake here in a heron's nest some forty feet from the ground. According to Mr. J. H. Gurney, who has been over to see the birds, no instance of a cormorant nesting in Norfolk has been known for over two hundred years. The bird is an extremely rare one on the Norfolk coast, and it is doubtful whether it has ever before been known to nest in a tree. You might think it sufficiently interesting to wish to send down your photographer if and when the young birds are hatched off. If so, I shall be glad to give him every facility. The birds have been sitting just over a fortnight now." Recognising at once the importance and interest of this event in natural history, the Editor promptly communicated with Miss Turner, whose patience, enterprise and skill in photographing birds in the Norfolk Broads pointed her out as the very best person to achieve this adventure. Willingly she undertook it; but anyone more easily daunted would have given up in despair. She tells us in this article how she found the nest on the top of a large alder on a tiny island in the lake, and how it appeared almost inaccessible on account of the alder's unsound condition. To obtain photographs from shore or lake was impossible. But in her case difficulties were made to be overcome, and, in the end, a forty-foot ladder was placed against a reasonably strong tree. Her own vivid narrative tells the rest. We cannot but admire the patience and resolution which enabled her eventually to stand for two or three hours at a time on one of the topmost rungs of a tall ladder that swayed to and fro with every blast of wind. Her brilliant success is told in the diary of a month. Lovers of wild bird life will find it engrossing.—Ed.]

DURING the early part of May, 1914, cormorants were seen frequently on a lake in North-East Norfolk, and towards the end of that month they were found to be nesting in an old heron's nest situated at the top of a large alder on a tiny island in the lake. The nest was about forty feet up, and difficult of access owing to the unsound condition of the alder. By July 1st two young birds were visible, and on July 8th the brood consisted of four. The two first birds were fledged on July 28th, the third on August 1st, while the fourth remained in the nest till August 6th. Cormorants have not been known to breed in Norfolk for upwards of two hundred years. William Turner ("Turner on Birds," page 3), writing in 1544, describes this species, under the name of Mergus, as "A sad, coloured bird, heavy in body and the attitude is upright in the sitting bird." He says: "I have seen the Mergus nesting in sea cliffs about the mouth of the Tyne and in lofty trees in Norfolk with the Heron." Sir T. Brown ("Natural History of Norfolk," 1682) states that cormorants built at Reedham, "Upon trees whence King Charles I. was wont to be supplied." There is no evidence to show when they ceased to breed at Reedham, but cormorants nested in trees at Heringfleet and also at Fritton, both in the adjoining county of Suffolk, as late as 1825. My personal acquaintance with the interesting and decidedly amusing

family depicted here began on July 7th, when, in response to a telegram from the owner of the lake, I went to see if the birds could be photographed. Everything possible was done to reduce the physical difficulties of the situation, but the



FIRST DAY—THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH OF ADULT BIRD.



Miss E. L. Turner. JULY 7TH—THE BIRDS PANTING WITH HEAT.

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JULY 13TH—THE HEAD OF NUMBER THREE APPEARS.



JULY 20TH—THE TRIO IN FULL VIEW.



Miss E. L. Turner.

JULY 27TH—A TUG OF WAR.

far greater technical troubles had to be left to chance, and to that Providence which is occasionally on the side of those "Fools" who "rush in where Angels fear to tread." The photographs obtained are interesting as a scientific record, pictorially they fail; although two people have suggested their commercial use as "an artistic, Japanese nursery wallpaper."

After prospecting from all points of view and taking trial photographs, it was found impossible to obtain successful results either from the shore or from a boat, so we landed on the island, selected what appeared to be a reasonably strong tree, about 20ft. away from the cormorants' nest, and, at dusk, a tall ladder was securely fixed against it. No platform or shelter of any description could be erected, because at that height one was on a level with the topmost branches of the surrounding trees, most of which were too slender to bear any weight, or else too decayed.

The next day, July 8th, when I first mounted the ladder, one old cormorant sat quietly on a branch near the nest for some time. I exposed a plate, more or less at random, before the bird flew away. This was the only time I ever secured either of the adult birds, and the only plate exposed during that day, for a large limb and several smaller twigs had to be removed from an adjacent tree before the nest was clear. In order to do this the ladder had to come down, men and saws hunted up—a process which took about three hours and entailed a lot of labour, for the ladder alone required three men to lift it into position. I did not care to risk disturbing the cormorants any longer and so left them for several days.

The only good light on the nest was between 11 a.m. and 1.45 p.m., but being several feet beneath it, my camera had to

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point upwards towards the underside of the surrounding foliage, which never reflected any light. Moreover, the ladder swayed with every gust of wind, and the cormorants were never still, so that no exposure above one-twenty-fifth of a second was practicable. I used my Birdland camera throughout at double extension. It was slung round my neck and balanced against a pole tied at right angles to the ladder. To prevent dizziness I kept my eyes glued to the reflex hood all the time. At first the difficulty of changing plates seemed insurmountable without a third hand, but having only the usual number, I soon learned to make them do double duty. One also has to accustom one's self to the peculiar muscular strain caused by long standing on the narrow rung of a ladder. At first I could only maintain this position about twenty minutes, but eventually I managed spells of two or three hours, with one descent between times, in order to get fresh plates.

Cormorants somehow look ridiculously out of place in trees; their curiously shaped feet with the four toes webbed do not seem adapted for perching. I tried very hard to get a good photograph of their peculiar method of hanging on to a branch, but the colour of their feet harmonised with the wood so well that they failed to show well. I sometimes laughed aloud at the terrified expression of the adventurous nestlings when they first began to perch on some slender branches near the nest. If a sudden puff of wind came, the birds wrapped their feet tightly round a twig, crouched down and craned their necks



JULY 27TH—A FLAPPING NESTLING.



JULY 31ST—TWO YOUNGSTERS VENTURE FROM THE NEST.



Miss E. L. Turner.

JULY 31ST—SHOWING THE METHOD OF PERCHING.

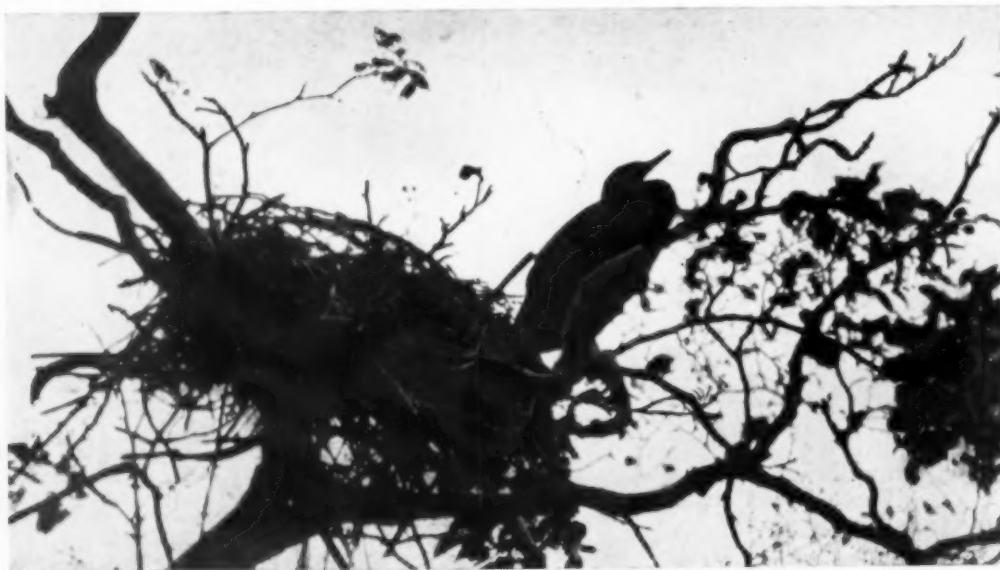
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JULY 31ST—EXERCISING HIS WINGS.



JULY 31ST—RESTING AFTER EXERTION.



Miss E. L. Turner.

AUGUST 3RD—THE LAST OF THE BROOD.

Copyright.

towards the haven of the nursery, and sometimes made desperate efforts to regain it, opening their beaks meanwhile and panting with fear. It occurred to me that possibly I might present the same frightened aspect to the cormorants, when sudden gusts compelled me to cling to my ladder with both hands, as both it and the tree bent before the wind. The first batch of photographs obtained between July 7th and July 20th showed only two birds clearly. Occasionally the head of number three appeared; but the fourth was not of an age to sit up and take notice, except at feeding-time; then all four showed up plainly as soon as the old bird approached. That fortnight was a particularly hot one, and the two elder birds sat with open beaks pointing skywards, rapidly inflating their throats. Sometimes they leaned against a branch, panting in this peculiar manner. I do not know whether they liked or disliked heat. They loved sunning their queer little aldermanic, down-covered bodies and expanding their wings, flapping the latter solemnly to and fro. I knew when the old birds were near, because the nestlings would suddenly stand up and, gazing skywards, followed the circling flights of their parents with a corresponding circular motion of their four heads, and also gave vent to four wailing cries when the old bird sheered off without feeding them. On two occasions only did she come within range, but the result was a mere blur on the plate. To my intense annoyance, however, she invariably returned to the nest directly I left the island. The nestlings were fed by both old birds; each in turn received a due proportion of food. There was no pushing or quarrelling, and their table manners—for cormorants—were quite good; but the noise they made during the

progress of the meal was like that produced by four uncoiled pump handles all working inharmoniously together. Between July 21st and July 26th a continuous gale raged, but on the 27th there came a lull, and I made a dash for my birds, securing the one bright hour of the day for my work. This was the first time I obtained a photograph of all four nestlings together. Just after mounting the ladder a sudden heavy shower forced me to shut up the camera and descend. Then occurred one of the prettiest sights it was my luck to witness, but I had to remain fretting and fuming on the ground, for my camera bellows had been carefully patched the previous day with shavings of leather from my diary cover affixed with seccotine. These patches showed a keen desire to float after exposure to damp, and had to be coaxed back into their respective positions. Meanwhile the four young birds stood upright and flapped their wings in unison all the time the storm lasted, twisting their heads from side to side with quaint, sinuous movements, and evincing every symptom of keen enjoyment. They were at all times amusing, and the first and fourth birds had an individuality of their own. No. 1, being the eldest and strongest, swaggered considerably and lorded it over the rest; No. 4, being the last in the nest and somewhat less adventurous than the others, played solitary games. They all loved a tug-of-war with bits of stick, two or three, and sometimes all four, participating in this. Their individual diversion was to pull off leaves, drop them outside the nest and then lean out to watch them flutter out of sight. Sometimes two interlocked their beaks and engaged in a mild sham fight. They never quarrelled, and their mutual conversation sounded quite amicable, if raucous. On July 27th the two older birds stood on the edge of the nest flapping their wings vigorously and rapidly for ten minutes at a stretch, so that I was not surprised to hear three days later that they had flown. I was told that there were "six birds on the wing" but the two younger birds were as yet quite unable to fly.

When I went again on the 31st two flew out of the nest, while the remaining birds sat up and watched the world in general. Later in the day I rowed after the two fledged birds and found that they could only take short flights, after which they either dropped on to the water or stood on shore. Sometimes they perched on a rope which was stretched across one end of the lake for the use of bathers. The young cormorants found some difficulty in balancing themselves on this, and generally ended by falling into the water. I stayed that night at the keeper's house, hoping to creep up the ladder at dawn without disturbing the sleeping birds, but it was a wet morning and photography out of the question. I went out at 5.30 and found one bird sitting on the bridge and two playing in the water; this left only the youngest at home. I spent from 9 a.m. till noon near her, but she slept peacefully for two hours, while I spent the time watching the others disporting themselves with their parents on a spit of sand by the lake-side. From my perch I had a fine view over the lake; so had the one remaining bird, who every now and again complained loudly at her solitude. However, when awake, she, too, vigorously exercised her wings; but her favourite amusement was pulling the nest to pieces and remaking it, or else she dropped twigs overboard and watched them fall. I say "she" because there was a feminine "atmosphere" about the youngest cormorant, and she reminded me of a little girl playing with a doll's house. When I left her that day (my last up the ladder) the nest presented a sorry appearance, as it was ragged and untidy, besides being trampled down on one side.

There was a tremendous fascination about watching these big birds in their first efforts at flight. One almost saw the rise and growth of the instinctive impulse to fly. I grew quite excited about it myself, because at such close quarters one not only observed the continuous efforts resulting in a daily increase of strength, but also the fearful joy of it! The spasmodic gasping, and wild startled eye, the dread of that first plunge into the new life and then—it was an extra puff of wind that finally launched No. 3—the young cormorant has sky and sea as well as the earth for his wanderings. On August 3rd I erected a hiding tent on the sandy point, where I had seen the cormorants disporting themselves, and I stayed that night in a lodge by the lake-side. The youngest bird was still in the nest, and about 5 p.m. two others joined her. A great chattering ensued and was maintained till dusk. Finally these two young ones settled down to roost by the nest. But the adult birds and their firstborn roosted in a corner of the wood at the far end of the lake, where they could, however, keep an eye upon their nursery.

This youngster now showed white on the breast and looked very conspicuous against a background of fir branches. His parents seemed very pleased with him and sat side by side, encouraging him to take short, circular flights above them, and each time he alighted they greeted him with approving grunts. The old birds also indulged in much quiet love-making, rubbing their beaks together and raising and lowering their heads in unison. They kept up these rhythmic movements for a considerable time. A colony of herons (whose breeding-place was on the cormorant island) also roosted in the same corner of the wood and came in at dusk with loud discordant cries. An owl hooted and pheasants crowed, while scores of wood-pigeons kept up a continuous undercurrent of sound. Amid all these essentially woodland notes the hoarse cries of the old cormorants and creaking notes of their offspring sounded curiously out of place. As the shadows in the lake grew longer a flock of Canada geese flew in and, with a swish and a swirl, alighted on the water. I was up at 2.45 the next day (August 4th) in order to cross the lake, slip unobserved into my tent and wait till daylight for the cormorants; on the chance of their choosing to sit and preen themselves on the point with the geese and herons. I crossed the bridge without shoes, noiselessly unlocked the boathouse and pushed out, standing in the boat and using one oar as a paddle. I crossed above the island, but keeping well in its shadows on the side farthest from the cormorants; and was just pluming myself upon my cleverness, when suddenly a dozen Canada geese flew from the island, almost knocking me down. Their hoarse cries startled me so that I shook all over and nearly dropped the oar. My courage is of the poorest quality an hour before dawn, especially when the milk has "turned" and I have had to gulp down "raw" tea in the dark. The night shadows, too, are black and full of mystery. I loathed those geese for the moment! However, I landed in silence and nothing else stirred except an old sheep which I stumbled against, and I finally crept into my tent just as the first red streaks of dawn appeared in the sky. There was not sufficient photographic light till 5 a.m. The cormorants awoke about 3.30, and the five met on the lake. After swimming about for some time the old birds flew away, and all four young went back to the nest, where they awaited their parents' return, about 6 a.m., when they were fed. Some herons came down to bathe and fish by my tent, but no cormorants. I waited on till 9 a.m., then had breakfast, and returned to the tent at 10 o'clock, remaining there till 1.15; but all that morning the birds kept either to the open water or else perched in the adjacent trees. Still the youngest made no attempt to fly, but occasionally shouted remarks to her relatives, and creaked with joy when fed at 12.30. As the other three creaked in unison behind me, I concluded that their needs were also being supplied by one or other of the parents.

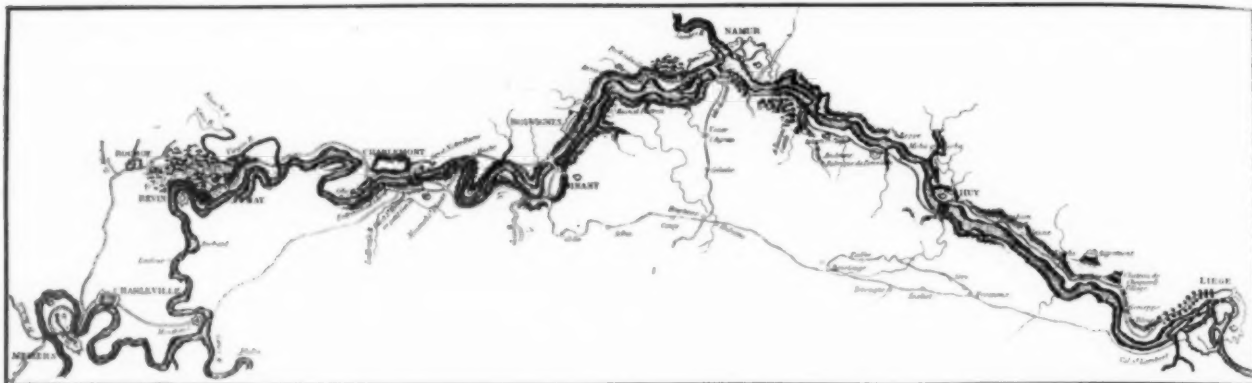
I paid my final visits to the cormorants on August 20th and 21st. The tent had been in position since August 3rd, and therefore I hoped all the birds were used to it. When I reached the lake at 4.30 p.m. it was surrounded by geese and ducks, but no cormorants, though two were circling round the island. I neither saw nor heard anything of them till 7.30, when a party of ten flew steadily in from the sea and quietly settled down in the trees. The four immature birds now all showed white against a dark background. Some of them returned to the nest as before, and others to the roosting place with the herons. Again, however, both parents sat bolt upright on a branch, while their family went through various aerial evolutions until dusk. But who were the four strange birds, and why did they come? On a previous occasion (July 28th), while two nestlings remained unfledged, six birds were observed "flying high in the sky." Evidently the one pair of breeding cormorants considered their unconventional choice of a home a domestic success. Perhaps they are social pioneers, desirous of establishing a garden city for cormorants, and so they invite passing birds to visit them and inspect their surroundings. It seems to me that they always went out to sea for their food supply; at any rate, I never saw them take fish from the lake. On August 21st I again slipped into my tent about 2.30 a.m. This time the geese were sleeping on the sands close to it, and, of course, flew off upon my approach. Soon after 3 a.m. eight green sandpipers alighted with merry call-notes close to me, and ran about the sands. They bathed and preened themselves, chased each other along the water's edge in a way wholly delightful to look at, but terribly galling to the photographer. When the light came, and with it the geese and herons, these charming little waders flew off to another part of the lake. They were playing round us the

night before, but I think must have moved on during the morning, for they were not in evidence after dawn. The whole cormorant family came down to bathe with the geese about 8 o'clock and then went away. In all probability

they spend the greater part of the day by the sea and retire to the lake to roost. Young birds have been seen at Hasborough recently, but, of course, they are not necessarily members of this particular family. E. L. TURNER.

THE GORGE OF THE MEUSE.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.



AN OLD MAP OF THE MEUSE FROM MEZIERES TO LIEGE.

THE Meuse is a river singularly symbolical of, and wedded to, the three groups of peoples through whom the three great phases of its life as a river run. Its part in war also has corresponded to all three, and since it first entered recorded history, 2,000 years ago, till to-day, when it is so apparently the obstacle surmounted by the German invasion of France, it has checked or aided fifty generations of soldiers. All its first course goes through that essentially Gallic country of Lorraine, of the Three Bishoprics and of the countrysides that bound the Barrois. On its very upper waters, where it is no more than a clear meadow stream, you will find Domrémy and the house where Joan of Arc was born. In the midst of that same stretch—where already the Meuse is a river—stands the great Gallic fortress of Verdun, the town upon whose fortunes so many

invasions have depended. Further upon its course see the sombre name of Sedan; and in all this long French rising and flowing of the river there is upon either side that mass of rich meadowland and vineyard, low, rounded hill and strictly ordered woods, which make up a French landscape. It is this stretch, too, that runs—all the earlier and higher part of it—along and behind these "Cotes de Meuse" which are the stretched line of defence between Toul and Verdun: which make a wall of forts from Commercy at the gates of Toul to the Verdun ring. The Meuse is here not only Gallic; it is the heart at this moment of the resistance.

Similarly, all the lower reaches, from the Roman crossing at Maestricht to the vague marshes, flat mud islands, dykes and confused shallows whereby it mingles with the Scheldt



CHARLEMONT ABOUT 1800, FROM A MEZZOTINT BY G. ARNALD, A.R.A.

and with the Rhine and passes to the sea, are quite Dutch, not only in the language spoken upon either side of the river, but in the broadening flats and sluggish waters and in the very sky. For the skies of the Netherland plain are different from anything else in the rest of Europe, save perhaps the skies in our own Fenland. They seem to be lit from beneath and their clouds supply the accident and contrast which the earthly horizon lacks. All this lower stream is full of such wars as the seventeenth century fought to withstand Louis XIV. The Duke of Marlborough owed his title to the clearing of the Lower Meuse—rolling up the French garrisons as far as Liège in 1702.

Between these two peopled, wealthy sections, the upper and the lower, the broad seaward reaches and the inland meadow streams, the Meuse by a curious accident experiences a fate not promised by its origin and hardly remembered at its end. It runs through gorges more bold, and in parts more deserted, than those of any western river. The trench which it thus occupies is the more memorable to those who have followed it, from the breadth, the depth and the silence of the stream that flows through it between the very steep walls of wood and rock upon either side. These are, I suppose, 500ft., 600ft., 700ft. above the stream, and in places 1,000ft., but they give an impression of far greater height from the uniformity of their colouring and wooded cloak, from their sharpness of fall, and from the way in which they run parallel, supporting each the effects of the other upon either side of the dead, flat floor of water between. This accident which the Meuse suffers, this exceptional landscape coming after the easy pastures of Lorraine, coming before the great sea-flats of the Netherlands, makes the course of the Meuse comparable to the life of some man whose youth and manhood were merely prosperous, whose old age was spacious and at ease, but who fell by some fate in a few years of middle life upon surprising adventures. And this gorge, though less mixed with the history of war than what lies above and below it, has fortresses at its gates and in its midst, and was but a fortnight ago the theatre of the French counter-offensive and of its failure on the fall of Namur.

All these three sections, then, correspond to something in the history of war. The wars to protect the Netherlands against the ambition of the French concerned the Dutch Meuse; to possess Maestricht, ultimately to

possess Liège, was the object of the defenders and of the attackers. The upper reaches through Sedan, through Verdun, on against the stream into Lorraine, were a mark of obstacle against invasion, a line of bases for counter-invasion; a string of names big in the story of the perpetual come and go between civilisation and the barbaric marches of the Germanies. Upon the Meuse was the capitulation



THE GREAT BRIDGE AND CITADEL, NAMUR.

of Sedan; upon the Meuse the surrender of Verdun in 1792 threatened the survival of France perhaps, certainly of the Revolution. The Gaulish river rises in those high, rolling lands where Langres is to-day one of the prepared centres of French resistance. But the central exceptional piece, the highland country through which the Meuse has cut its way, or has had a way opened to it by Nature, has had less



THE LEFT BANK OF THE MEUSE.

place in the story of arms. The wars have passed to the north of it, over the Belgian plain, and even in this, the greatest and perhaps the last of the struggles between the confirmed West and the uncertain Germanies, the central gorge of the Meuse has been no highway. Its bridges, not its line, have been the matter of contention, and when it was abandoned in the retreat the German columns passed, in

the main, on either side of the trench; not along it. The fight is beyond the Sambre; that line once lost (through the fall of Namur), nothing more upon the central Meuse was attempted, and the defence fell back behind Mezières.

From Liège to Namur going up-stream the valley, growing though it does more striking, is yet not fixed in character, and in many places the solemn heights of the Ardennes upon the south overlook an easier land to the north. But between Namur and Givet the ruggedness of outline increases. At Dinant the valley is already strikingly profound. Between Givet and Mezières its majesty, depth and isolation make one remember the Sierras or the Pyrenees and forget the too easy north.

This gorge singularly corresponds in its aspect and spirit both to the legends that have risen round it and to the obscure but enormous part which the little Frankish tribe and the Carbonarian Forest played in that great transition of Europe between the Pagan Empire and Christendom. The Franks lay all around that valley; Tournai at its edge is the Roman tomb of their King; a Roman officer. The Ardennes is the very forest of the Franks. And the auxiliary

suddenly to an edge, and there, a thousand feet below one, through the boles that seem to scramble cautiously down in rank towards the water, runs the broad Meuse, with no man and no house upon either side but a road, a railway and a narrow canal. One makes one's way down the steep bank for those hundreds of feet, casts up and down for a ferry boat, and then, having climbed for an hour up the escarpment of the further shore, one is again upon the plateau with the wild forest land upon every side. Nothing so near England is so deserted or so majestic. Yet Englishmen have not known it well. Now that the wars have passed over all this land, it will be too well known. I wonder, as I write, whether there will be any more an opportunity for quiet men seeking their souls to camp alone in that woodland as I have camped, and to cross the lonely majesty of these valleys?

This trench of the Meuse, this unique thing in Northern Europe, running from Mezières to Namur, and particularly from Givet to Mezières, is not only a gorge wonderful to the eye, it is also for trade and for travel a highway. It is not a way for armies, but it is a way for men in small companies,



DINANT ABOUT 1800, FROM A MEZZOTINT BY G. ARNALD, A.R.A.

Frankish troops—a Belgian people—which the Roman Empire had raised upon the lower valleys of the Rhine and of the Meuse, those auxiliary troops whose captains were later to assume the government of Northern Gaul, had, it would seem, for their legendary place and for the centre of their national dreams, this strange cleft running tortuous and alone through the heart of the great woods. It is from one group of its fantastic rocks that the Four Sons of Aymon, in the Carolingian poem, spurred their horses, and another group of its bare pinnacles of stone is, in popular tradition, their castle; while those highest dominating cliffs, which are called "The Ladies of the Meuse," are thought of by the populace as a gate to a defile which may lead to all mysteries.

Of the many walks I have taken alone in Europe, none has more filled my memory or moved my mind to more conjecture of the past than those walks three or four of which I have taken, cutting the Ardennes from east to west, and taking in that line the central gorge of the Meuse. One goes through underwood and forest, past isolated clearings with their farms, up across the high plateaux; one comes

for the trader and for the wandering man and for the missionary—and, indeed, by this road went the conversion of the Franks, that Belgian people. It is upon this account that the fortresses of the Gorge are accidental; its towns native. The fortresses are at either end: at the gates—hardly belonging to it—is Liège, just as you strike the plain of the Netherlands; at the other gate is Mezières, just as you strike the meadowlands of the Gauls. Each of these is by nature a town of the plains: rich, busy, great markets. Within the trench itself Namur has had war thrust upon it because it commands the junction of the rivers, and also because its great citadel-rock formed in all early warfare a stronghold. It is here, they think, that Cæsar overcame the resistance of the Belgæ. Givet, because it was the last frontier post of the French, had huge barracks built in by Vautan for his king, and a series of batteries, marvellous for their time, placed on its steep cliff. But for the rest, the towns of the Gorge have not been towns of war. Those towns are linked all along—whether nominally Belgian or nominally French—by one character. They are made by the Meuse which waters and feeds them; they are made by the forest

which protects and warms them; they are the fruit of a singular, a unique and personal valley, and they stand huddled between the bank and the stream. Of these towns,

menaced, perhaps, to-day with fire by the barbarian invasion, certainly with murder, I shall next write, for I know and love them all.

KENNEL NOTES.



MALLWYD MURIEL AND MALLWYD GEM.

FOR WORK AND SHOW.

IT is no easy matter to bring about a *rapprochement* between the two schools into which gundog men are divided, the one holding that dog shows are wholly pernicious; the other that a working dog may just as well be blessed with good looks as indifferent ones. In the eagerness to gain some controversial advantage it is probable that some men of both camps push their views to an indefensible point. I will admit at once that it is not really necessary for a pointer or setter to be handsome so long as he is built on lines that most fit him to perform his duties, and I am also prepared to agree that the shooting man has no use for the good-looking dog that is a fool, who has a bad nose or cannot gallop. Let me grant, too, that to breed from such a prize-winner is most undesirable, since mental properties can be improved by selective breeding just as much as physical. On the other hand, it may be urged that the possession of a beautiful conformation need not imply that a dog cannot do a day's work satisfactorily. One cannot wish to look upon finer setters than have come from the kennels of Mr. Purcell Llewellyn, while a number of other owners have demonstrated clearly that work and show are not incompatible. Among the most prominent of them is Mr. Tom Steadman of Mallwyd, Dinas Mawddwy, Merionethshire, who, for many more years than I care to say, has exhibited pointers

and setters with a measure of success beyond the common, practically all of which have been broken. Mr. Steadman has a considerable shooting of his own, and I think I am right in saying that every season he finds teams for the Scottish moors.

Within quite recent times Mallwyd Harold and Mallwyd Pedro have both won prizes at field trials and in the ring. Mallwyd Dick, sold by his breeder as a puppy and repurchased, was never broken until he was six years old, when he proved himself to be excellent on game. Later on he was expatriated to Russia, where so many of the best pointers and setters go, and there he was placed first at the great St. Petersburg show. Last year Mallwyd Moscow was sold to a gentleman in the United States, who bought him



MALLWYD JEFF.

for the purpose of running in the field trials over there. He was bred the right way for work, his sire being the late Lieutenant-Colonel Cote's Pitchford Rifle, the noted field-trial winner.

Mr. Steadman has had such an uninterrupted run of triumphs at all the leading shows that it is difficult to say which is the best he has owned, but in the long list of champions the English setter Mallwyd Albert will stand about at the top. Many would place him as the first of his kind ever bred. At any rate, he has never been beaten in his own breed, and I remember seeing him walk off with Spratt's 100-guinea gold casket against all comers under three of our most prominent judges. He is a fine mover, with all the characteristic liberty of action,



MALLWYD ALBERT.

and no day is too long for him. Mallwyd Carrie, a bitch of the highest class, won seven challenge certificates here before being sent to America. She was selected specially to compete at field trials after her purchaser had seen her perform on a grouse moor in this country. Last year Mr. Steadman won challenge certificates with the English setters Albert, Edward, Marvel, Maxim, Rowland and Carrie, all of which bear the familiar prefix.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND DOGS.

A re-perusal of the Waverley novels reminds me how dearly Sir Walter Scott loved a good dog, and dog-lovers are indebted to him more than to any other novelist. In "Woodstock" he alludes to the old custom of admitting our friends to church, when he speaks of old Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley as, wrapped in his laced cloak, and with beard and whiskers duly composed, he moved slowly through the aisles, followed by the faithful mastiff, or bloodhound, which in old time had saved his master by his fidelity, and which regularly followed him to church. Bevis, indeed, fell under the proverb which avers, "He is a good dog which goes to church," for, bating an occasional temptation to warble along with the accord, he behaved himself as decorously as any of the congregation, and returned as much edified, perhaps, as most of them. Whether Scott was thinking of an earlier Bevis or whether he failed to read his proofs carefully I do not know, for a few pages later he has become a large wolf-dog, in strength a mastiff, in form and almost in fleetness a greyhound. "Bevis was the noblest of the kind which ever pulled down a stag, tawny-coloured like a lion, with a black muzzle and black feet, just edged with a line of white round the toes."

Further on we have a little dissertation on canine nature. Bevis, instead of making short work of the Roundhead who was unfriendly to his master, had given him more than tolerant reception. "He leaves me because my fortunes have fled from me," said the old knight. "There is a feeling in nature affecting even the instinct, as it is called, of dumb animals, which teaches them to fly from misfortune. The very deer there will butt a sick or wounded buck from the herd; hurt a dog, and the whole kennel will fall on him and worry him; fishes devour their own kind when they are wounded by a spear; cut a crow's wing, or break its leg, the others will buffet it to death." "That may be true of the more irrational kind of animals among each other," was the wise reply of his daughter, "for their whole life is well-nigh a warfare; but the dog leaves his own race to attach himself to ours; forsakes, for his master, the company, food, and pleasure of his own kind; and surely the fidelity of such a devoted and voluntary servant as Bevis hath been in particular ought not to be lightly suspected." And, lest any stigma should rest upon Bevis, the novelist is at pains to hint before the story closes that the Cromwellian soldier had at one time been attached to Ditchley, and was therefore recognised by the dog as an old friend. This incident was, of



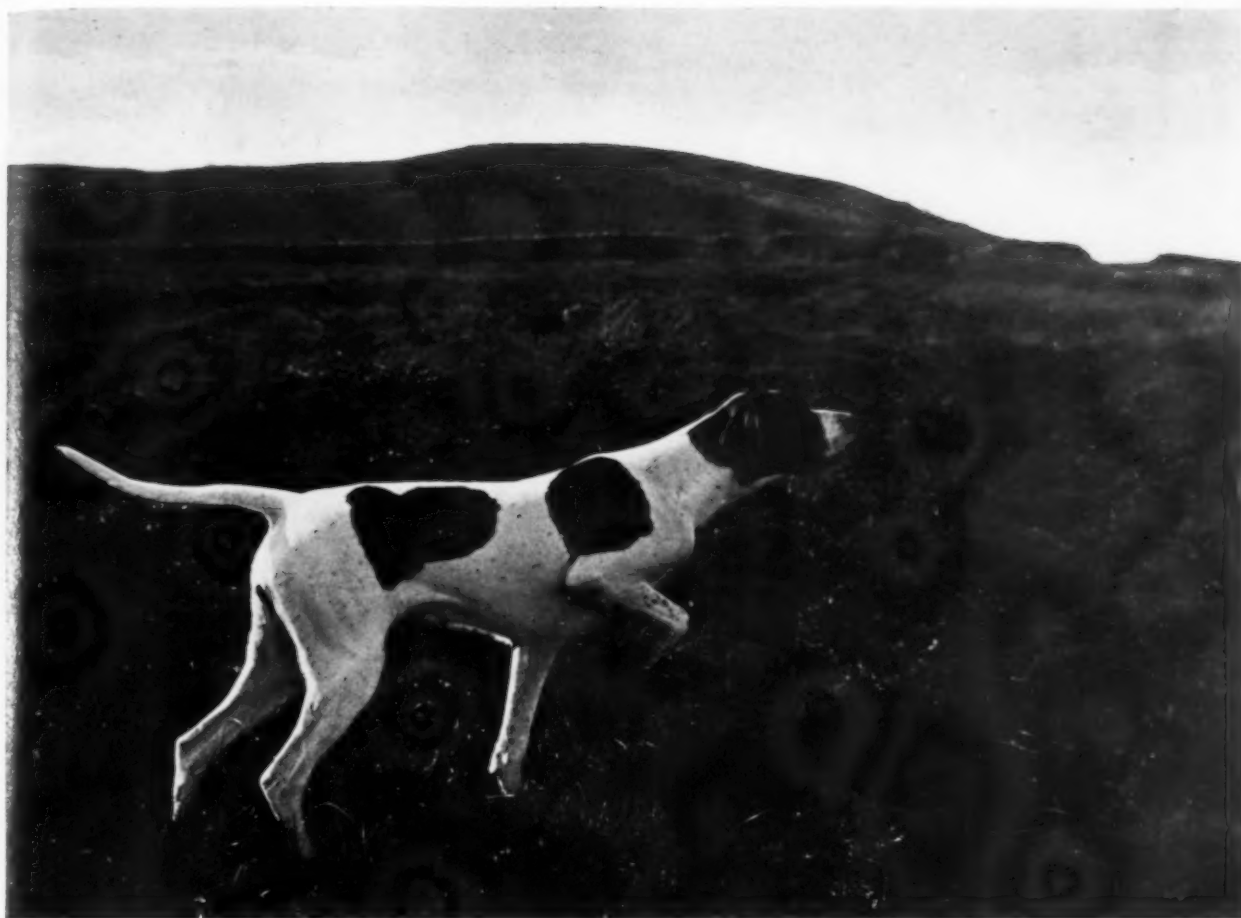
MALLWYD HAROLD.



MALLWYD MURIEL.



MALLWYD MOSCOW.



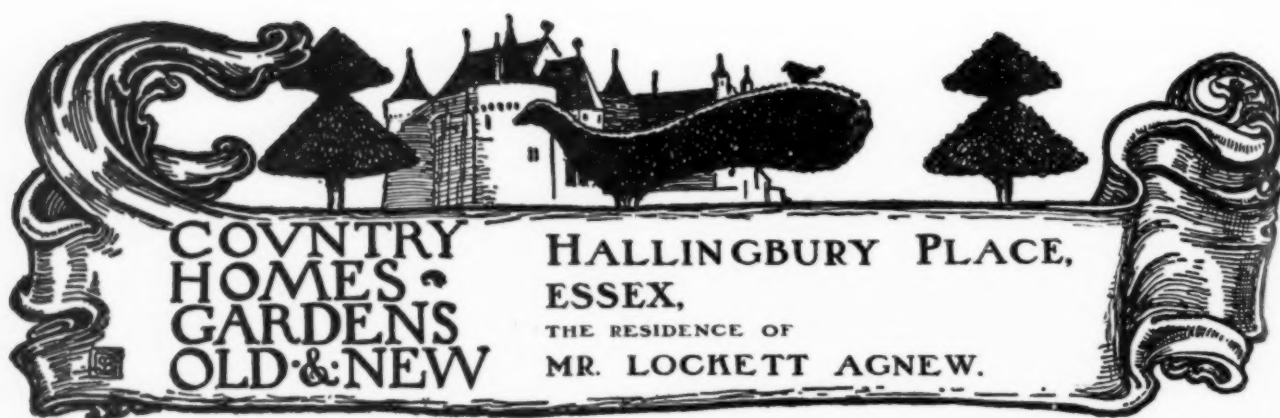
MALLWYD POLLY.

course, inspired by a story related by Froissart concerning the manner in which Richard II.'s greyhound deserted his master for Henry. A note of Scott's adds interest to his portrait of Bevis. Bevis, the gallant hound, one of the handsomest and most

active of the ancient Highland deer-hounds, had his prototype in a dog called Maida, the gift of the late Chief of Glengarry to the author. A beautiful sketch of him was made by Edwin Landseer, and afterwards engraved. A. CROXTON SMITH.



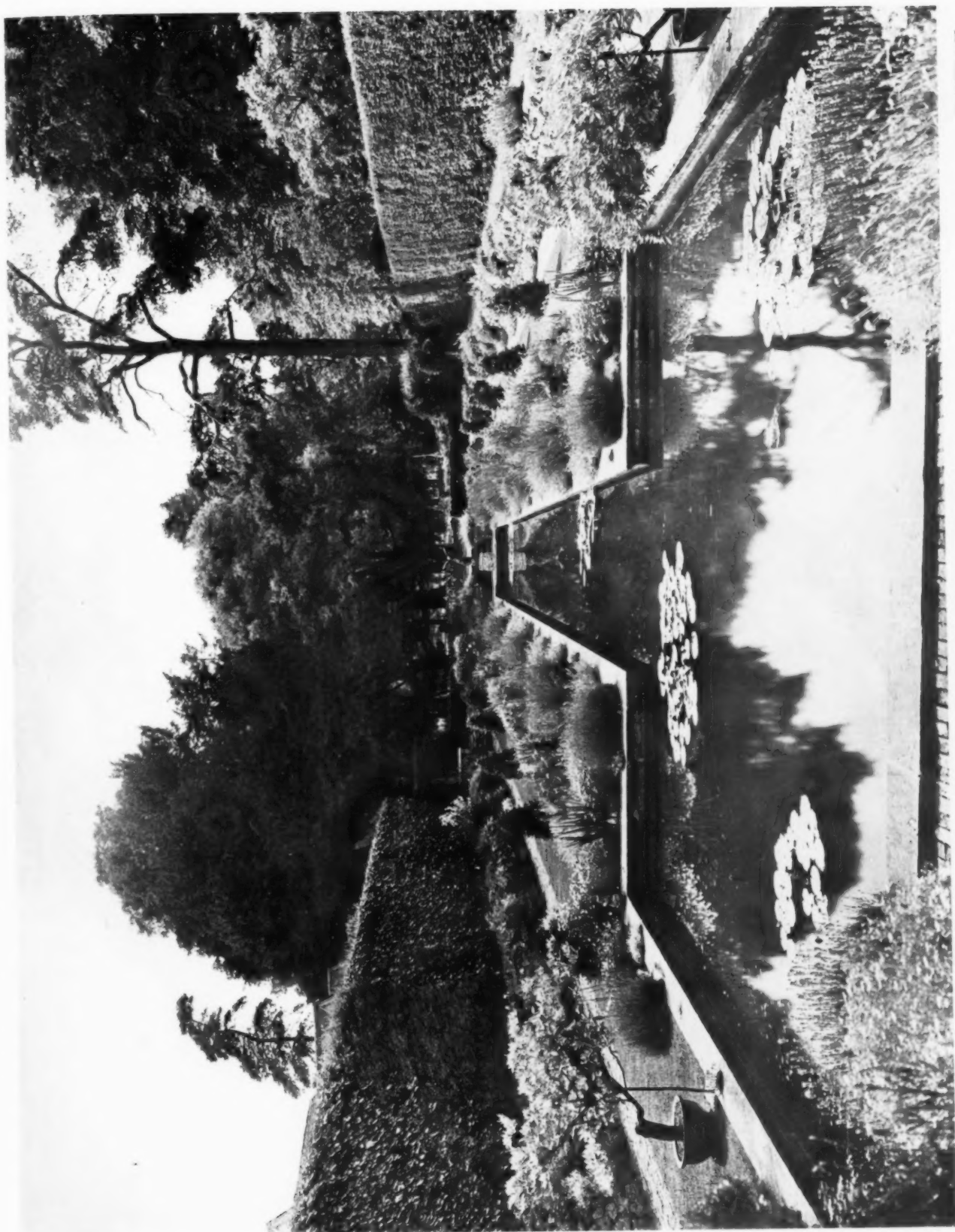
MALLWYD MARGOT.



FOR the last two centuries Hallingbury has been a Houblon place, though it is now let on lease to Mr. Lockett Agnew, who has greatly added to its charm by new gardens. The lovers of Pepys—and who is not?—must all be friends of the seventeenth century Houblons, for they were intimately associated with the diarist. The first member of the family to visit these shores was Jehan de Houbelon, who came from Picardy in the train of Magdalene de Valois, the bride of James V., and had the poet Ronsard for shipmate. The fragile child Queen survived the cold northern airs only a few months, but Houbelon did not return to France, and took to a merchant's life in Edinburgh. He married a Scots wife, changed his name to Hope—"houblon" in French is "hop" in English—and was ancestor of the Lords Craighall, Kerse and Hopetoun. A younger son of his became head of the Hopes of Amsterdam, a famous banking house. Meanwhile, the Scotch Jehan's kinsman, another Jehan, had established himself in Flanders, and his son, Jehan II., traded with England. The third of the name adopted the Protestant faith and was driven by the persecutions of Alva to find sanctuary in London. He traded as a merchant stranger under the wise protection of Elizabeth, and in 1588 subscribed £100 to the City's War Loan to the Queen. Here was early Belgian help to England in a war of aggression. His son Pierre was born at Lille, but followed his father to London, was naturalised and became a member of the Dyers' Company. It was his youngest son, James, a merchant adventurer and English in all but name, who first made the family great in the City. When he died, in 1682, at the age of ninety, Pepys,

who wrote the old man's epitaph, could style him "Pater Bursæ Londinensis" ("Father of the London Exchange"). He was on the Parliament side, for Laud would have seemed to him but a tamer sort of Alva, but seems never to have fought. Still, he was no shirker. When he was training with the Honourable Artillery Company in Moorfields, an explosion of ammunition which killed several of his comrades injured him so greatly that only his iron constitution pulled him through. Of his thirteen children, five followed him in the City, and one day, in 1668, when Pepys was at the Old Exchange, "it was a mighty pretty sight to see old Mr. Houblon, whom I never saw before, and all his sons about him; all good merchants." Pepys had made the acquaintance of the younger James three years before on business about Tangiers, and found him "a pretty serious man." The diarist was Treasurer for that troublesome Colony as well as Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, and there was much traffic between him and this family about ship hire and the like. The five brothers always hunted in a pack. "To the Sun behind the Exchange, about seven o'clock, where I had all the five brothers Houblons, and mighty fine gentlemen they are all, and used me mighty respectfully. We were mighty civilly merry, and their discourses, having been all abroad, very fine." Not long afterwards the inseparable five dined with Pepys at his home, "and a very good supper we had and good company, and discourse with great pleasure. My new plate sets off my cupboard very nobly." Official morality was at a low ebb in Charles II.'s reign, and though Pepys was very honest, as things went, he was not above taking a gift. "By





THE POOL GARDEN: LOOKING WESTWARDS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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IN THE POOL GARDEN: LOOKING EASTWARDS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and by in comes Mr. James Houblon to bear us company, a man I love mightily and will not lose his acquaintance. He told me in my ear this night what he and his brothers have resolved to give me, which is £200 for helping them out with two or three ships." However, salaries were low, and, as he said, "the King received no hurt or injury thereby." The State was greatly in debt to Pepys when he died, and it is clear that, on the balance, we owe much to this great servant of the Navy. When old James Houblon died full of years and honour, Bishop Burnet preached the funeral sermon before many of his descendants, who numbered sixty-seven. Of the brothers Houblon, who succeeded to his great business, James and John left most mark. Both were knighted by William III., and both filled many public offices as well as seats in the Commons. Only one brother, Jacob, turned his mind away from the City, became a Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, and was instituted to the

rectory of Moreton, Essex, in 1662. His second son, also Jacob and an Essex rector, filled an important place in our story, as he was the means of getting Hallingbury into the family. We must, however, return to his uncles, Sir James and Sir John. The former had the social gift, which made him the particular friend of Pepys, and when the diarist had to resist a charge of Popery and was sent to the Tower, Sir James was the first of four friends to find the bail of £30,000. Evelyn was also intimate with Houblon, after Pepys

took him to dine with Sir James at the latter's house in Winchester Street. All the Houblon brothers were staunch Whigs and supporters of William III., and it was in an earlier struggle of the City against Charles II.'s autocratic ways that Sir John Houblon's abilities made him prominent. Although Sir James was the elder, Sir John was the master mind, and they met daily at the latter's house in Threadneedle Street, appropriately enough on the site of the present Bank of



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STEPS TO THE LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

England. A little more than two centuries ago England was engaged in a fierce Continental struggle with Louis XIV. analogous to the Napoleonic War of a century ago and the supreme conflict we are now waging. Then, as now, England stood for liberty as against the attempt at a universal domination. Then for the first time the organised power of finance came to the aid of the military arm in deciding the issue of the conflict. The times yielded the man, and the man was Sir John

Houblon. Charles Montague, Chancellor of the Exchequer and an astute financier, worked with him. In 1694 Houblon added to his City activities the labours of a Lord of the Admiralty, so no one could appreciate more intimately than he the need for the purse to aid the gun. He was the first great merchant to fill the post—a seventeenth century Lord Goschen. Until this time banking had played but a limited part, not only in national affairs, but even in mercantile life. The members of the Goldsmiths' Company, like Backwell, who had practically monopolised banking, were almost ruined by Charles II.'s dishonesty. Child's Bank took over the business of Backwell, who had numbered old James Houblon among his earliest customers, and the ledgers from 1662 to 1673 show entries relating to eight Houbions in all. In 1691 William Paterson, a Scotsman, suggested the establishment of a Bank of England, but even then the idea was not new. A year later Montague, the Chancellor,

raised a loan of a million in the open market, and so started formally the National Debt. By 1694 no more money was to be squeezed out of the revenue or out of similar loans, and the Bank of England was founded to make a loan to the Government on the security of the nation. Sir John Houblon was the first Governor, while Sir James and two other brothers also served as Directors of the Bank. The Bank's first loan to William III. of £1,200,000 was an instant success.

It reads familiarly to us that the fight round Namur created great excitement in London, and at such a time of stress Sir John, albeit unwillingly, accepted the office of Lord Mayor. In view of the recent proposals to open branches of the Bank of England abroad, it is worth noting that in a like time of stress Sir James Houblon went to Antwerp to open a branch for the payment of our Army serving in Flanders. During Sir John's mayoralty the whole resources of the City, headed up by the Bank of England, were put at the disposal of King William in the struggle with Louis XIV., and it was this power as much as any which finally brought triumph to the cause of England and European liberty. The Governor and Directors of the Bank had to guide the new institution through many crises. There was the cry of too much Houblon, but by a combination of sheer capacity, quiet courage and unshakeable rectitude, Sir John overcame all criticism. Macaulay said of the work of these



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THE WAY TO THE PERGOLA GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE NEW PERGOLA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

veterans of the City that "on the deep and solid foundation (they had laid) was to rise the most gigantic fabric of commercial prosperity that the world has ever seen." The historian of the greater conflict we are now waging will have to tell of the great part played by the institution which Sir John Houblon founded in a like time of crisis. The portrait of Sir John hangs in the committee-room of the Bank, on the site of his old home. Grave, stern and dignified, he sits in his robes, with the great sword of the City—an apt emblem, then as now—filling one corner of the canvas. They buried him in the churchyard of St. Christopher, and when the church itself fell to the flames the Bank buildings were extended over the site. So it comes that he lies beneath the floor of the great institution which he founded and guided so wisely. During the many anxious conferences that have taken place at the Bank of late, those who control the finances of the City may well have looked at the portrait of Sir John with the thought:

Let us now praise
famous men
And our fathers that
begat us.

Both Sir John and Sir James were so essentially of the City that it was not until 1680 that the former acquired a country house at High Ongar, Essex; and a little later Sir James built for himself at Leytonstone, near Epping Forest. Neither, however, was concerned with agriculture, and

neither left a son to found a family. A son of their brother Abraham, Sir Richard, was the last of the Houblon merchant princes. Sir James, the intimate friend of Pepys, died in 1700 and the greater Sir John in 1711. Sir Richard carried on the family traditions and was a Director of the Bank of England. He never married, and during his later years played the country gentleman at his place in Hertfordshire, Horstead. His shrewd mind grasped the great change in the position of land which marked the opening of the eighteenth century. The yeoman class was being bought out by the great City merchants who were founding county families on great estates, and the yeomen themselves drifted into town industries. The day of the great agriculturist had come.

Nearly seventy Houblons were alive at the death of old James in 1682; only one heir male survived to inherit

the family property—Jacob, son of Charles and grandson of the Fellow of Peterhouse. Sir Richard established a family trust and left his brother-in-law, Lord Palmerston, and his cousin, the Rev. Jacob Houblon, to administer it. Estates were bought in Herts and Essex, and chief among them was Hallingbury Place. It lies three miles from Bishop's Stortford and west of Hatfield Forest. For many hundred years it had been a seat of the Lords de Morley, but they sold in 1660 to



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PATH TO THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Sir Edward Turner, Speaker of the House of Commons, and it was from the executors of his grandson that the Houblon trustees bought it in 1729. When young Jacob saw the house first it was a Tudor building of red brick with flanking towers, and so it remained during his life, which was spent in serving as a Tory or "Country" member in the Commons. He married a daughter of Sir John Hynde Cotton of Madingley, Bart., a famous Jacobite leader. Soon after Houblon's death, his son, the fourth Jacob,

rebuilt Hallingbury Place in 1771-1773. The accounts of the work remain, and show that the architect was one Redgrave, who was possibly a disciple of Robert Adam, because the idea seems to have been to imitate Adam's remodelling of Osterley Place, though without any attempt at providing the central court. The papers which remain suggest that the owner busied himself much with the details of the decoration. Jacob



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OAK HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Houblon had made the Grand Tour in 1758, and doubtless had views on architectural questions. The plasterers employed sent their drawings and estimate direct to him (one of the ceilings was decorated with hops, taken from the family arms), and he ordered statuary marble mantelpieces from Italy, and sent out the drawings for them. It is unfortunate that no sort of picture of the earlier building has survived. Redgrave's chief work was to recase the whole fabric, cover the corner towers with ogee

cupolas, replace the mullioned windows by sliding sashes and generally to invest the romantic old building with Georgian gravity. The Elizabethan gallery on the first floor was divided into several rooms, and the chapel and chapel hall, to which references are made in an old inventory, disappeared altogether. Other changes made at this time were the destruction of the old Elizabethan garden



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HALLINGBURY PLACE: THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

by Capability Brown and the creation of new pleasure grounds.

The oak hall (formerly the billiard-room, and so described on the plan) on the south side was added a few years ago under the supervision of Mr. C. R. Ashbee. In it was fixed an Elizabethan mantel-piece, which came from Coopersale, Essex, an estate which was brought into the family by the marriage of Jacob Houlton the fourth, with the heiress of John Archer of Welford and Coopersale. The lady who thus allied Houlton with Archer added the name of Newton to Houlton on inheriting her grandmother's estates. Further complication of names occurred when her grandson, Charles Archer Houlton, changed his name to Eyre of Welford, and his son, George Bramston Eyre, resumed the name of Archer Houlton, on succeeding to his uncle, John Archer Houlton of Hallingbury. However, all these facts about the family are faithfully chronicled in "The Houlton Family" by Lady Alice Archer Houlton, and I may here make grateful acknowledgment of my indebtedness to her admirable work. The present head of the family is her son, Captain H. Lindsay Archer Houlton, twelfth in line from the Jehan Houlton to whom Queen Elizabeth gave English sanctuary. When Mr. Lockett Agnew took a long lease of Hallingbury the interior of the house was modernised, in 1910, in all practical ways and redecorated under the supervision of Mr. C. Harrison Townsend, who also remodelled the kitchen offices.

The series of gardens which form so delightful a setting for the house owe their existence to the taste and skill of Mrs. Lockett Agnew, who, four years ago, set herself the task of constructing them on definite lines. For this purpose she sought the help of Messrs. R. Wallace, who put her ideas into practical shape. The object was to make them harmonise with the house itself and form a pleasing link with the woodland and rolling greensward beyond. To-day, as our illustrations testify, these gardens are noble examples of what is possible of accomplishment in so short a period. The sunk garden, enclosed with dense yew hedges, is situated to the left of the main entrance, and has for its centre a T-shaped lily-pool that was cleverly designed to give the fine perspective view seen in one of the illustrations. In the grass plat that surrounds the pool are simple flower beds, while paths of red bricks, laid on edge, situated immediately beneath the dry wall which faces the footings of the yew hedge, surround the whole. The main effect of this garden, which is sunk to a depth of about two feet, is to focus attention on the opening at the far end towards the woodland, where

natural flowers in ideal settings are cleverly arranged to provide a surprise at almost every turn.

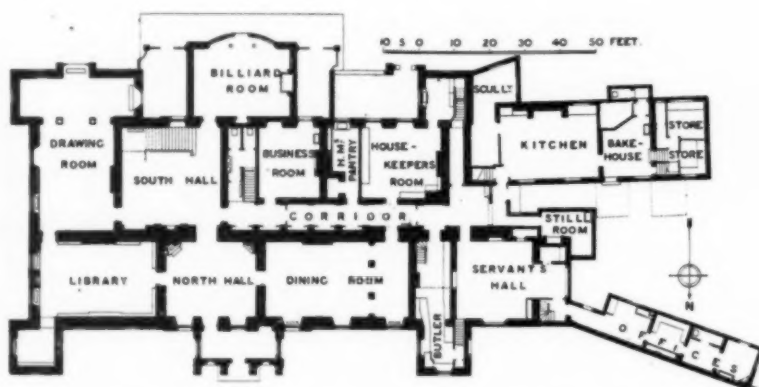
The half formal rose garden possesses many charming features. The lofty pergola extends the whole length, the pillars being constructed of warm red bricks, with tile creasings at every fourth course. With the pink rambler roses pale blue clematises are mingled, not only on the pergola but also on the surrounding brick walls, and beneath the crimson roses that hang over the split oak rafters of the pergola Madonna lilies provide a pleasing contrast. Lavender and the grey-blue *Nepeta Mussinii* are also freely used in the rose garden, the soft tones of both creating just that sense of restfulness that every good garden should possess. Steps of bold design

and easy gradient lead from the rose garden to the tennis and croquet courts just beyond. These are really divided from the roses by a sunk brick wall that originally extended all round the gardens. At this point the earth has been gradually sloped back from the wall towards the tennis courts, and planted with wickstraw and other rambler roses, which are allowed to grow almost as they please. The interstices of the wall have been successfully planted with antirrhinums, wallflowers, bellflowers, red valerian and other suitable flowers, with a result that is at once pleasing and in keeping with the surroundings.

To the right of the rose garden is the ornamental pond, a long stretch of water that was originally known as the "Morley" pond, and round which clings the romance of a ghost story. The easy sloping margins of this pond are planted with many suitable and varied kinds of semi-aquatic vegetation, which tempts the visitor on to the far end, where rough stepping stones lead into the rock garden. This is of bold and rugged outline, the overflow from the pond being taken through it in a sort of rocky stream which finds its way into the many partly concealed nooks in which the rock garden abounds. The wild garden, situated in another direction, is a real wild garden. The natural features have been preserved as far as possible, and sufficient art only exercised to reveal them to the full.

Before concluding this all too brief survey of this series of gardens, mention must be made of another instance of Mrs. Lockett Agnew's love of beautiful and unique colour effects. In an open part of the woodland, jutting out to almost an angle from the sunk garden and the rose garden, apple trees have been cunningly planted, so that their pink and white blossoms shall come into "sweet collision and repose" with those of the May-flowering tulips lavishly planted beneath in bold groups of one colour.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.



HALLINGBURY PLACE: GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

IN THE GARDEN.

COLOUR ARRANGEMENT FOR THE AUTUMN GARDEN.

WITH the advance of autumn and winter many anxious thoughts are devoted to planning the summer garden in the hope of making it even more gorgeous than it was last year and of prolonging brilliant arrangements of colour far into the autumn. Most large gardens have long herbaceous borders against high walls, espaliers, or hedges of evergreens, and by graduating the height of the plants from this background down to low-growing flowers in front a bank of colour in rich and varied beauty may be obtained. For late summer and autumn, Clematis Jackmanni in its numerous varieties is invaluable, trained on the walls or massed over trellises placed at intervals along the back of the border. Tall plants, such as sunflowers, hollyhocks, dahlias, golden rod and the fine, late-flowering daisy, *Chrysanthemum uliginosum*, may be planted next in order, and in front will come the most gorgeous colour arrangements possible. Contrast in form must be considered as well as contrast and harmony in colour, and sweet-scented plants should be included, although the unobtrusive appearance of many of them debars them from taking a prominent place. Michaelmas daisies in any shade of mauve make a good setting for the magnificent and fragrant

flowers of *Lilium auratum*, with, perhaps, in front a crimson mass of *Fuchsia gracilis*. *Veratrum nigrum*, with its handsome spikes of purple-brown flowers, contrasts well with the annual *Lavatera splendens*, of which the pink, white and crimson varieties should here be all mixed together, thus producing more effect than if put in separately. For a mass of white flowers it is a good plan to place several species together, such as the white form of this same lovely *Lavatera*, with *Anemone japonica*, *Hyacinthus candicans* and *Lilium lancifolium* var. *alba*. Perennial phlox may be given an important place where white is required, but of the coloured varieties only a few of the best shades of crimson, rose pink or salmon are rich and decided enough to add beauty to a mixed border. Pentstemons are invaluable, both for brilliant colours and late flowering, and look well with *Hyacinthus candicans*, or with white or cream-coloured gladioli; *Canna indica*, with its gorgeous scarlet or yellow flowers and bold foliage rising above white or pale yellow annual *chrysanthemum*, is very effective, and the rich blue *Salvia patens* may be grouped with varieties of *chrysanthemum* or with the glowing orange of *Calendula officinalis*. The bronze foliage and spikes of scarlet flowers of *Lobelia cardinalis* stand grandly above a mass of purple and white China asters, single

or double, which also may be used largely for the central ranks of the border.

Many other beautiful arrangements can be made, as, for instance, campanulas, white and purple, with scarlet or crimson gladioli; godetia in shades of rose and crimson among sulphur-coloured antirrhinum; the rich brown of calceolaria with the soft mauve of ageratum, or with sweet sultan in all its shades; besides innumerable others which will doubtless suggest themselves.

Where a touch of lightness and grace is needed, Gypsophila paniculata and G. elegans should be introduced among the more massive foliage, and the pretty little bushy Kochia trichophila, with its bright autumn changes of colour, will fill a useful place near the foreground. Blue flowers are not very numerous in autumn, and besides Salvia patens may be mentioned Centaurea cyaneus and the annual Delphinium Butterfly, with rich blue flowers. Approaching now the front of the border, lower-growing plants may be placed, such as stocks, dwarf China asters, begonias, nemesias and eschscholtzias, graduating down to violas (yellow, cream and all shades of mauve). Lowest of all must not be forgotten the dwarf blue Lobelia, perhaps grouped with creamy viola to form a final edging to the whole scheme of colour. Few gardeners can be persuaded to use scarlet geraniums as anything but formal bedding plants, although in a mixed border they may be placed with great effect massed in contrast with white, pale yellow, pale blue or mauve. Tall,

are arranged in even bands, giving the effect of a rainbow ribbon running down the hillside for a hundred yards or more. Dahlias are here the tallest plants, with a foreground of many of the flowers already mentioned, too great formality being obviated by diversity of form and the natural and graceful growth of the plants themselves. Where the ground slopes, this is perhaps the best arrangement, and gives a more brilliant vista when seen either from above or from below. For isolated beds very tall plants are not usually required, and crimson dahlias surrounded by China roses and the best variety of statice or sea lavender make a good centre. Scarlet tritoma, or torch plant, with the white Chrysanthemum uliginosum is very effective, to be followed by mauve asters, and in both cases pale yellow viola and the darkest blue dwarf lobelia might form the edging. The names of many other plants will occur to owners of gardens in all parts of England to suit their divers tastes, climates, soils and aspects; but if all that have here been mentioned are grown successfully together in any one garden, there is no doubt that a very satisfactory display of bright colours will be the result.

FLORENCE WOOLWARD.

SOME GOOD AUTUMN-FLOWERING ROSES.

ALTHOUGH the excessive drought experienced in most parts of the country has not been in favour of a good autumn display of Roses, there are many varieties, especially among the newer introductions, that are now wreathed in blossoms. It is mainly



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AUTUMN FLOWERS AT KELLY HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

sturdy plants two or three years old are best, and if sunk in pots they flower freely and are easily removed to their winter quarters in the greenhouse. With red brick walls and gravel paths scarlet is not so much needed, but where the walks are of turf and the background a yew hedge or evergreens of any kind, flashes of scarlet here and there are a delight to the eye. To set off a mass of brilliant colour the common fern, Lastrea Filix-mas, is very beautiful, and if left undisturbed in the border for years it will grow, even in the driest soil, to a dense mass of graceful fronds, forming a nucleus around which to place groups of glowing flowers. Maize or Indian corn is also useful where a diversity of foliage is desired. Among favourite sweet-scented flowers may be mentioned white jasmine, placed permanently on the wall or espalier behind any part of the border; night-flowering stock (Matthiola bicornis), very fragrant, but unobtrusive and of no colour value; Nicotiana glauca, with its starry white flowers; and mignonette.

In one lovely Northern garden steeply sloping above a river the colours in long borders on each side of a turf walk

in this second, or in some instances third, display of flowers that the newer varieties score heavily over those that used to afford pleasure to our forefathers. I have in mind a glorious bush of Lady Alice Stanley, an exquisitely shaped rose pink variety, which has been producing flowers almost uninterruptedly since the second week in June. Although these late flowers are usually rather smaller and thinner than those that open during June and July, owing to the cooler weather they last longer and, as a rule, possess better colouring, especially those of the much appreciated yellow hues. As the planting season will soon be with us, it may be useful to name those which I have proved to be good and reliable autumn-flowering sorts. Pharisæer, blush; Mme. Léon Pain, silvery flesh pink; Gustave Regis, nankeen yellow; Mrs. Herbert Stevens, pure white; Château de Clos Vougeot, maroon crimson, very fragrant; Zéphirine Drouhin, bright carmine pink, thornless and very sweet; Marquise de Sinety, yellow, shaded coppery red; Lady Hillingdon, yellow; Mme. Ravary, pale orange yellow; Lieutenant Chauré, rich crimson, very fragrant; Lady Battersea, cherry red, shaded orange; Entente

Cordiale (Ducher's), creamy white, exquisite shape; Amateur Teyssier, cream with orange centre, an old but little known variety; Lady Ashtown, deep pink; Jessie, crimson-scarlet Polyantha; General Macarthur, crimson, very fragrant;

Duchess of Wellington, rich orange yellow; Königin Carola, bright pink; Mrs. Alfred Tate, coppery salmon, shaded fawn; Mrs. Wakefield Christie-Miller, soft blush, deep rose reverse; and Lady Pirrie, coppery salmon. H.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE YELLOW-NECKED MOUSE.

THE yellow-necked, or De Winton, mouse (*Apodemus flavicollis*) is a large and handsome race of the long-tailed field mouse, otherwise known as the wood mouse, and scientifically called *Apodemus sylvaticus*. It was first described by Mr. de Winton in 1894 from specimens taken in Herefordshire, where he found that it was numerous. It has since been taken in different parts of England, but is generally regarded as uncommon if not rare. Until this last summer there were only two or three records of it for Shropshire, but I have caught so many since that I strongly suspect it to be commonly distributed throughout the district, but generally overlooked and confused with its smaller relative; at any rate, it is plentiful in the neighbourhood of Bridgnorth. It is a remarkably handsome mouse, being much brighter and cleaner in colour than the common long-tail, but its most obvious and distinctive characteristic is the band of yellow across the throat. This is absent in the typical *sylvaticus*, which has an entirely white front. It is also larger. Intermediate varieties occur, some having just a spot of brown on the chest, others a brownish yellow bar, but these are not so plentiful as the typical forms, which in this neighbourhood—near Bridgnorth in Shropshire—are present in about equal numbers.

The yellow-necked is the mouse which is generally meant when the country people speak of a "greyhound" mouse. The little dark long-tail is just a mouse, being classed under this general heading with the voles and the shrews. The yellow-necked mouse will invade houses, so it is this species that they most frequently come in contact with, and certainly "the greyhound" is an excellent name for it, and most accurately describes its long slender shape. This mouse generally comes into the building during the winter and early spring when food is scarce outside and the struggle for it severe. During the autumn all the small rodents have a glorious time; they feast day after day on the nuts and berries, and what they cannot eat they carry off and hide, but at last the supply comes to an end, when many mice leave the woods and repair to the farmsteads.

Last September I caught four yellow-necks and five ordinary long-tails under a sweet chestnut tree in the wood—to say nothing of bank voles and a house mouse—but suddenly the supply stopped, the mice had vanished. I left the traps set for a week, but no creature disturbed them. In the meantime the cook had complained that there were mice in the larder. I put down a trap and caught a beautiful pair of yellow-necks, but in a few days there were fresh complaints, and another couple of mice were trapped. Two more managed to commit suicide in the milk "lead"! after which the invasion stopped. It was noteworthy that they appeared and were captured in pairs, and in another

way of bringing the inhabitant of the moment out into the open, and which left "this desirable residence" undisturbed and ready for the next comer. I admit I have always thought that it was hard lines on the mouse. The apparatus was the



MALE YELLOW-NECK.

greenhouse watering-can full of water. The method was to pour the water down the hole in a steady stream. In a few seconds the mouse would shoot out like a "Jack-in-the-box." In this way we evicted more than one yellow-necked and long-tailed mouse, but as a rule they were long-tails that used it.

I kept, for purposes of observation, a pair of yellow-necks and a pair of mice of the intermediate type in a large cage, where they seemed to settle down happily enough. Then I introduced a pair of long-tails, but the next day I found one of the "in between" mice dead and its body partly eaten. The day after a long-tail was badly bitten. Investigation showed the two yellow-necks sitting in a nest by themselves and the other mice in a corner of the cage. Of course, I separated them, but afterwards I put two more yellow-necks with the first pair to see whether they would fight with specimens of their own variety. The old mice came out of their sleeping box, smelt the newcomers over, and all went into the nest. I opened it in an hour's time and found them all curled up asleep together.

They lived together for several months, and I never saw any sign of quarrelling. At the present moment I have five yellow-necks living in the same cage and sleeping in the same nest, apparently in perfect peace and goodwill. Wishing to find out whether the yellow-necked mouse would treat a totally different species as it does its smaller relative, I introduced a field vole into the cage. The biggest male set upon it and bit it so badly that I had to at once take the poor little thing away. The conclusion I have come to is that the yellow-neck regards the smaller long-tail as a different creature, and will not willingly tolerate its presence. This is interesting in view of the fact that most naturalists regard the yellow-necked mouse as only a big variety of the smaller species, and it throws light on the separation of varieties into distinct species under natural conditions, for it is evident that though so closely related, these two mice would not readily interbreed.

Both yellow-necked and long-tailed mice are exceedingly interesting to watch. Their ways are so dainty, and they are very handsome. It is a treat to see one wash itself. The toilet is elaborate, and no part of the body is missed, even the long tail being carefully cleaned, a matter they are more particular over than the rats, for the latter seldom, if ever, trouble about their tails. As pets these mice have one decided drawback, it is practically impossible to keep their cage from smelling "mousy," and so strongly as to be quite unpleasant in a room. Otherwise I strongly recommend them, as no one could wish for more graceful and entertaining pets, and if taken young enough they become quite tame.

FRANCES PITT.



FEMALE YELLOW-NECKED MOUSE.

instance two which were caught in a cottage and brought to me were a male and female.

I have, however, also met with solitary yellow-necked mice, bachelors, or spinsters, as the case may be, or for aught I know they may have been widows and widowers! There is a certain neat little round hole in our lawn that is generally tenanted by a mouse. It has only the one entrance and appears to go straight down into the ground. One can tell when a mouse is at home by the grass blades being nibbled away from the edge of the hole. "The authorities" would not allow the hole to be dug open, as this would make a mess on the lawn, but my brother discovered a

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

AS there is no doubt about Kaiser William being at the present moment the man in the whole world most in the public eye, it may be taken for granted that many will read Miss Anne Topham's book, *Memories of the Kaiser's Court* (Methuen). It is light and amusing, but keen and penetrating. Miss Topham went to the Prussian Court in August of 1902 to be resident English teacher to the young nine year old Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, only daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Germany. She was brought into close contact with the members of the family, and gives an extremely interesting account of what she observed and thought during her sojourn among those who are now our enemies. It is fresh in the public memory that the Princess Louise married the Duke of Brunswick, son of the Duke of Cumberland, who from childhood had been the implacable enemy of the Prussian House and Government. That, however, is anticipating by a great deal. The years of which we have an account were those in which the Princess was an extremely lively and interesting child. Almost her first appearance in the book occurs in a description of the Kaiser's lighter side. The author tells us that "Papa" makes sportive jokes with his family at the breakfast table, and goes on:

This phase of "Papa's" character is forcibly, almost painfully, brought home to me when one day his daughter, in a moment of relaxation, seeks to amuse herself by practising the schoolboy trick—she is very schoolboyish—of making with her mouth and cheek the "pop" of a champagne cork and the subsequent gurgle of the flowing wine.

"Whoever taught you these unladylike accomplishments?" I ask, in the reproving tones appropriate to an instructor of youth.

"S-s-sh! It was Papa," she answers gleefully, repeating the offending sound with an even more perfect imitation than before; "he can do it splendidly," and she "gurgled" with persevering industry.

The Imperial family is much addicted to the use of nick-names. That given to Miss Topham at first was Topsy, but later on, when the Emperor discovered that the slight, fragile-looking governess was a keen patriot with a thorough belief in things English, he called her Dreadnought, and if she came into the room with a new dress on, would say that the Dreadnought had got a new coat of paint.

A very charming figure is cut by the Kaiserin in these chapters, but the Emperor's character evidently baffled the clever governess, as indeed it seems to have baffled most of those with whom he has come in contact. His superficial characteristics can be very easily observed and described. The Emperor's love of shooting and hunting, his high spirits and wit, his pertinacity and caprice, his love of things English and enthusiasm for the sea, are easily enough noted, but what is under all this is not so visible. Says Miss Topham:

The Emperor's conversation at its best has a certain quality of intoxication—is provocative of thought and wit. Men have been seen, grave American professors and others of that type not easily thrown off their mental balance, to retire from talk with His Majesty with the somewhat dazedly ecstatic look of people who have indulged in champagne; then they go home, and under the influence of this interview write eulogistic, apologetic character-sketches of the Emperor.

It may be asked how does he appear in the intimacies of private life, to the inner circle of his Court, to those who see him in unguarded moments. Men often change for the better, or sometimes for the worse, when they retire from the public eye. But the Emperor is much the same everywhere, he has no special reserves of character for domestic consumption only.

She goes on to remark that he gets on the nerves of those who surround him, making his service laborious to his servants, his secretaries and his courtiers. The Prussian Court is a very hustling place.

"We are like the Israelites at the Passover," grumbled one lady: "we must always have our loins girt, our shoes on our feet—shoes suitable for any and every occasion, fit for walking on palace floors or down muddy roads—our staff in our hand; nobody dare relax or settle down to be comfortable."

Some years ago, when he took Highcliffe Castle, near Bournemouth, where Louisa Marchioness of Waterford at one time cultivated piety and roses together, at the same time drawing pictures and attracting to her many of the most distinguished men of the day, he seemed to be perfectly charmed with the contrast which it presented to a Court where ceremony is carried to its utmost limit.

The Emperor in his letters described in minutest detail everything that happened there—his delight in the pretty English children he met, his pleasure in the tea he gave to the boys and girls on the estate, his astonishment at their well dressed appearance, their reserved, composed manners, at the way in which they sang grace, at the clergyman who controlled the proceedings and knew how to box and play cricket. It is quite impossible to imagine a German *Pastor* who can play cricket, and as for boxing . . . !

When the Princess came to England, she was equally carried off her feet by our life.

The soldiers, especially the Highlanders walking with that peculiarly characteristic, proud, delightful swagger, the rhythmic swing of their kilts, the skirl of their bagpipes, thrilled her with delight.

"Your soldiers are wonderful," she said; "I never thought they were like that. Every private walks like an officer."

She thought the "Military Tournament" the most delightful entertainment she had ever seen, and was intensely amused at "Arthur's Arabs," the soldiers of the regiment of Prince Arthur of Connaught, who, disguised in burnous and appropriate headgear and jabbering a jargon of their own invention, interspersed with weird shrieks and gestures, imposed themselves on a portion of the unsuspecting British public as "the real article" from somewhere in the neighbourhood of Algiers, and accomplished their tent-pegging to the accompaniment of blood-curdling and ear-piercing yells.

So far we have quoted from the pleasant froth of the book. The passage of most interest to the serious student is that in which the author describes her visit with the Royal Family to Alsace Lorraine. It is an account of a day spent with the Royalties at Metz, where the Emperor reviewed an army corps. The description of it should be read by all who are interested in German Colonial ambitions.

Their entry into this town must have seemed strange indeed to Their Majesties, accustomed as they are to smiling, shouting crowds. Here there was no welcome, no smile, not a single flag. The people who stood in the streets looked on idly, like spectators of a curious show, as the long procession of carriages with their outriders moved on, to the sound only of the rumble of their own wheels. Sometimes a lady remarked resentfully on the strange absence of enthusiasm. The names over the doors were French, the faces were French, there was an atmosphere of French hostility.

The Prussian spirit is not conciliatory. It has a knack of letting the conquered drink to the dregs the cup of humiliation; its press is bombastic, and has none of the large-minded tolerance which enables it to appreciate the acute sufferings of a proud, humiliated people.

The moral was drawn in a conversation of which we give the kernel:

About five years after the end of the Boer War, a German lady who was dining at Court drew me aside after dinner.

"To-day," she said, "I have been talking to a German gentleman who has been living in your Orange River Free State, or whatever you call it; and he tells me that the Boers are quite content now to be under your Government—they do not want to change back again."

"Are they?" I said. "Is he quite sure?"

"Oh, quite, quite certain. He knows. He is a German. They know he is a German. They tell him the truth. He says they are absolutely satisfied. Now tell me: how do you manage it? And with so few soldiers, I am told—hardly any at all. How do you do it? In five years! And look at us in Elsass-Lothringen. We don't know how to satisfy them. They will never be satisfied. We are always in fear of war. Tell us your secret." She laid her hand on my arm and looked at me intently, as though she could surprise the secret out of me.

A BOOK OF HAPPY VERSE.

"Will o' the Wisp" and "The Wandering Voice," by Thomas Bouch. (Smith, Elder.)

"Butterflies all on an April day
When the sun shines brightly on Life's sweet flowers,
Deep absorbed in the moment's play,
Little we reck of the gathering showers.

Here we have the keynote of these poems. An easy-going optimist is Mr. Bouch, admitting himself that

"There are echoes of danger, rumours of strife
Under the sea and up in the sky,
But I know how brief and pleasant is life,
And I let the world go by."

The result is a breezy, spontaneous book of poems, containing fitful musings on many subjects, touching no great depths and lacking for the most part any sense of style. Mr. Bouch succeeds best when extolling the sights and sounds of country life. Here we feel he is at home, voicing the sportsman's joys,

"We'll drink to the luck of our favourite sport,
And all who delight in its name:
There's nobody hunts who is not a good sort,
And hunting's a glorious game."

THREE GARLANDS.

Patriotic Poems, by R. M. Leonard. (Oxford University Press.)

VERY *apropos* is the little garland of *Patriotic Poems* selected by Mr. R. M. Leonard, and issued by the Oxford University Press. It opens with a piece by the present Laureate, headed "August, 1914," and goes on to give the finest examples of patriotic verse in English literature. It would be difficult to say which are the best after we leave out Shakespeare, who was in a class by himself. Macaulay's "Armada,"

"Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;

I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days." can be read again with renewed pleasure just now. Mr. Newbolt's

"Admirals" is in the same strain, but more modern. Of the songs "Hearts of Oak" is, perhaps, the best, though "The Arethusa" enjoyed an incomparable popularity in its day. The fine and stirring ballad "Mary Ambree" is properly included, and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "The Pipes at Lucknow" commemorate events that are not yet ancient history. We recommend the book as giving an excellent little body of verse suitable for the moment. The garland of *Love Poems* is a fine mixture of old and new, ranging from "Love, in my bosom, like a bee" to "Let's contend

no more, Love." The garland of *Poems on Sport* will commend itself to our readers, as it revives memories of several writers who have been undeservedly neglected. Egerton Warburton, for example, had an individuality that stood out among men of his kind. It is difficult to analyse the charm of

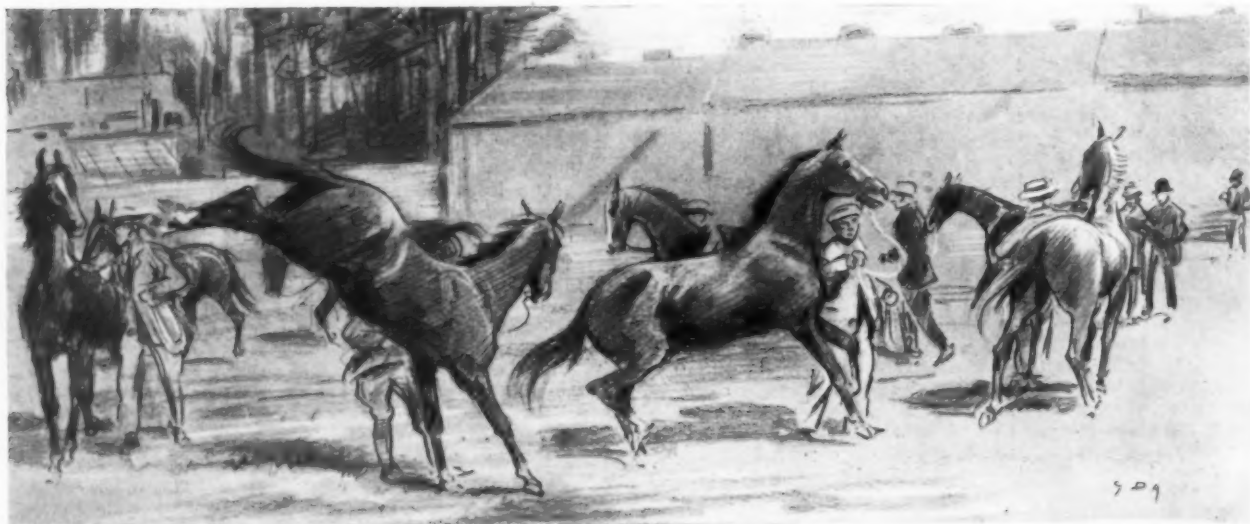
"Stags in the forest lie, hares in the valley-o!"

Web-footed otters are speared in the locks;

Beasts of the chase that are not worth a tally-ho!

All are surpassed by the gorse-cover fox!"

THE DONCASTER MEETING.

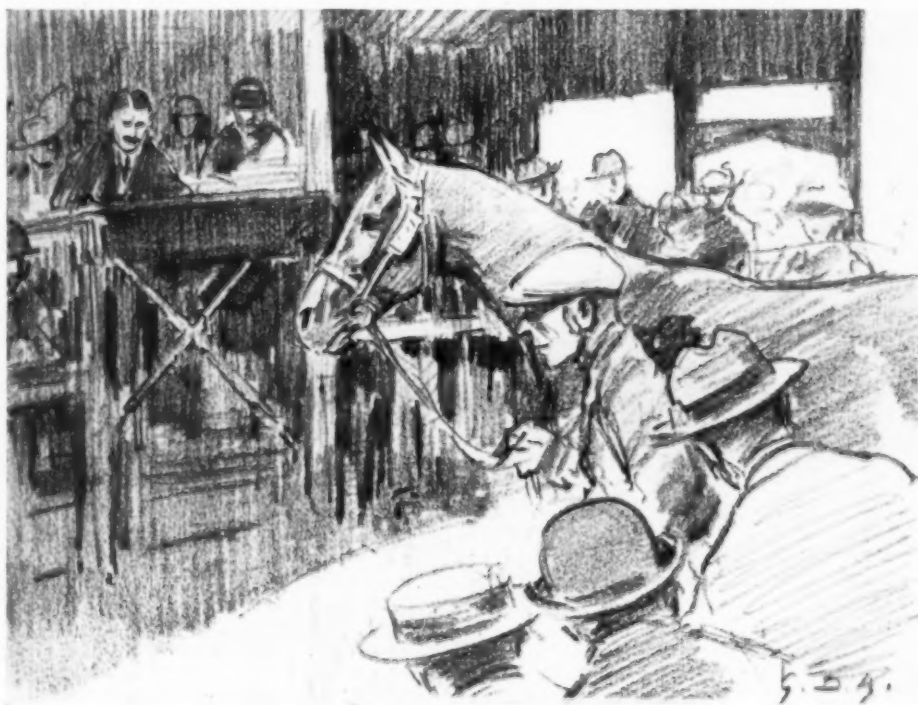


IN THE PADDOCK.

EVEN in these days of stress and danger it is for the moment permissible to look upon affairs in general with some feeling of satisfaction. From the seat of war the news, if brief, is such as to afford good grounds to believe that the matchless valour of our soldiers has not been displayed in vain, and that, although before the common foe is completely crushed much remains to be done, the end of the terrible war in which our country is taking part is within sight. In a much smaller way we may be well satisfied, too, with the result of last week's racing and also the bloodstock sales at Doncaster, as testifying alike to the determination of influential owners of racehorses to carry on if possible, and to the really wonderful vitality of the bloodstock market. People there are, I am well aware, to whom the holding of race meetings under present circumstances is distasteful; for the matter of that, a good many people object to racing at any time. To my mind, however, racing ought to be kept going if possible, for it is no longer the sport of a few, but an industry or business upon which thousands of people are dependent for their livelihood, and in which very large sums of money are invested. Nor can it be denied that racing men of all ranks and classes have been prompt to place themselves at the disposal of their country in her hour of need. Take, for example, the recent meeting at Doncaster. Under the circumstances the attendance was wonderfully good; but young, able-bodied men were, upon the whole, conspicuous by their absence—they were about their duty—and it is within my knowledge that of those who did attend the races, many enlisted before the

week was out. That some fixtures will have to be abandoned is practically certain; but in the interest of a not inconsiderable section of the wage-earning classes, it is to be hoped that racing may be kept going. Nor should it be overlooked that the breeding industry will receive a serious check if breeders are denied further opportunities for disposing of such stock, yearlings in particular, as they may have for sale.

Here we may refer briefly to the recent sales of bloodstock. Not including sales effected by private treaty in the course of the week—there were, I believe, a good many of these—about 219 yearlings were sold at Doncaster, for a total of rather more than 56,000 guineas, a result poor, of course, by comparison with those of recent years, last year especially, but better a good



UNDER THE HAMMER.

deal perhaps than the mere figures show, for to those who followed the sales it was evident that, rightly or wrongly, as the case may be, a good many breeders declined to entertain a pessimistic view of the situation. I mean this, that in a great many instances quite reasonable "get out" prices were offered and declined. Analysis of the sales showed, too, that there are still buyers ready to pay big prices for yearlings, and, better still, that new buyers are in the market. I may be wrong, but I do not think that up to now Mr. Mallaby Deely—a good buyer last week—has had much, if anything, to do with racing, and there were others. There were no high prices on the first day—Tuesday—but there would have been had not Lady James Douglas withdrawn all the yearlings bred at the Harwood Stud. Mrs. Craddock had, moreover, no reason to regret having faced the situation, for she got fair prices for four out of the five yearlings bred at the Lownd Hall Stud. On Wednesday there was a marked improvement. From the Straffan Station Stud—Mr. E. Kennedy's—a colt by Symington out of Cream o' the Sky made 820 guineas, and a



SOME FACES BY THE RINGSIDE.

filly by Roi Hérode out of Nicola, 1,900 guineas; and of the yearlings bred at Worksop Manor, Sir John Robinson sold a colt by Marcovil out of Permia for 600 guineas (Mr. Mallaby Deely), a colt by St. Frusquin out of Belle Poule for 810 guineas (Mr. Tatem), a colt by Desmond out of Easter Lily for 2,100 guineas, and a filly by Spearmint out of Venone for 1,200 guineas, the purchaser being again Mr. Mallaby Deely. The Sledmere-bred yearlings sold well on Thursday, the colts that is to say, for the fillies were not sent up, being, I believe, in reserve for sale at one of the October meetings at Newmarket. Of the colts the best prices were 2,700 guineas for one colt by St. Desmond out of Dodragh (Mr. O. Lewisohn); by Desmond out of Gelinotte 1,550 guineas (Mr. Mallaby Deely); by William the Third out of Veneration II., 3,400 guineas, the purchaser being Mr. L. McCreery (it was, at all events, to that gentleman's bid that Mr. Tattersall's hammer fell). The colt by Marco

out of Queenlet did not reach his reserve, but was, I understand, subsequently sold by private treaty. Messrs. Simons Harrison



OUTSIDE THE RING.

and Mr. F. Whitworth might well have got better prices; still, they did not do badly, and were, I believe, well advised in taking the prices offered, though the colt by Bayardo out of Evadne must have been worth more than the 700 guineas paid for him by Mr. F. Hartigan, and Mr. Gurry secured a bargain when he

general depression, but the trouble will not, in my judgment, be of long duration.

Now about the racing. At Goodwood there had been a desperate battle between Redfern and Let Fly in the Molecombe Stakes, victory remaining with the former by a head. On



BAY COLT BY WILLIAM THE THIRD—VENERATION II.



BAY COLT BY DESMOND—DODRAGH.



BROWN COLT BY DESMOND—EASTER LILY.



BAY COLT BY DESMOND—GELINOTTE.



W. A. Rouch.

BAY COLT BY BAYARDO—EVADNE.



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BAY COLT BY ST. FRUSQUIN—BELLE POULE.

got the filly by St. Frusquin out of Northern Flight for 700 guineas. On Saturday Major F. W. Wise got 1,300 guineas for a colt by Spearmint out of Skyscraper, and the same price for a filly by Earla Mor out of Sisterlike. There is, in fact, plenty of evidence that breeders need not take a gloomy view of affairs; for the moment their business is suffering from the

Tuesday last they met again in the Champagne Stakes, when another severe struggle ensued, Redfern again getting the best of it, this time by a neck. Rarely is such wonderfully accurate reproduction of form seen, and singularly enough on each occasion Let Fly lost the race through swerving. But in both races the swerve came when extreme pressure was being applied,

the inference being, I think, that of the two Redfern is the better stayer. He is by St. Denis, a sire not perhaps sufficiently appreciated by breeders just now, though a remarkably well-bred horse, being by St. Simon 11 out of Brooch 16, by Blue Green 11 out of Ornament (dam of Sceptre), by Bend Or (1) out of Lily Agnes, by Macaroni 14. It is worth noting that Redfern's dam is by Ladas out of Redwing, by Gallinule. Although well backed presumably by the "stable," few people looked upon Black Jester as the probable winner of the St. Leger, but win it he did, and that with consummate



Rough.

BLACK JESTER, WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER.

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ease, by five lengths from Kennymore, three lengths behind whom Cressingham, also owned by Sir John Thursby, finished third. Curiously enough, if there was one horse in the field who could not win—on form—that one was Black Jester. In the Two Thousand Guineas Kennymore had given him a sound beating. In the Derby he had finished seventh behind Hapsburg, Peter the Hermit and Dan Russell, all of whom he beat with ease last week, so that according to the "book" Kennymore, Hapsburg, Peter the Hermit and Dan Russell all held him safe! In some quarters Templeman has been much criticised for the manner in which he rode Kennymore, but, as far as I could see, Sir John Thursby's colt was always running on his bridle, and, taking his peculiar temperament into account, it might well have been that if pulled back he would have declined to gallop at all. Be that as it may, he got well away, and was never interfered with in running, but could not, or would not, respond when asked for a final effort. It is true that he had made all the running, but I differ from those critics—among them retired jockeys—who said that Templeman had "ridden his head off." Whether Black Jester would have won if Peter the Hermit had not suddenly dropped out of the race in consequence of an injury is open to argument, for at the time Mr. H. J. King's colt was going well within himself, and his trainer entertains no doubt whatever as to his stamina. Brakespear, too, was going well when he had to retire from the fray, whether as a consequence of the severe kick he received at the "gate" or through an injury received in running I do not know. Altogether the race for the last of the classics was not as satisfactory as it might have been. Still, Black Jester won with such ease that it is, perhaps, fair to give him credit for having made great improvement and for being possessed of better stamina than that revealed by his previous running. He is a very good-looking colt, by Polymelus out of Absurdity, by Melton out of Paradoxical, by Timothy out of Inchbonny, by Sterling. Absurdity was bred by Mr. Musker at the Westerham Hill Stud, Black Jester by his present owner, Mr. J. B. Joel, at the Childwickbury Stud. Mr. J. Ryan's colt, Willbrook, by Greve out of Nora Gough, has had a busy and successful season, for on Friday last he added the Doncaster Cup to eight other races won.

TRENTON.

THE RECRUITING RESPONSE FROM THE RURAL DISTRICTS

WHATEVER else happens, countrymen will remain invincible defenders of liberty and stalwart upholders of righteousness. But first of all they have to be convinced that their cherished institutions are in peril. It is unreasonable to expect a man to fight without a cause, and it took the rural population two or three weeks to acquaint themselves with the cause of, and to form their deliberations about, the present war. Their slowness was misunderstood by some, and bitter were the pills manufactured to cure their supposed inertness. Those

who know village life were undisturbed in their conviction that in due course there would be an enthusiastic rally to the Flag, and just when the critics were launching another volley of satire at the alleged indifference and ignorance of country people, the authorities were staggered by the onrush of recruits that commenced from the rural districts.

There were two reasons, apart from that already named, for the apparent apathy of the rural population to the call to arms. In the first place, it was highly important that the harvest should be garnered; and, in the second place, news

filters into the rural mind very slowly. Immediately these reasons began to be removed, the seeming indifference that had excited the wrath of some of our urban cousins also began to disappear, and, as the process of education is continued, so the apathy will gradually and entirely vanish. I have substantial ground for this statement, for I have been engaged in propaganda work of an educational character which resulted, in a fortnight or thereabouts, in an accession of considerably over 10,000 villagers to Lord Kitchener's new army, and in connection with which I have received hundreds of letters from my large corps of helpers. A few extracts from this correspondence will indicate the importance and completeness of this educational work.

A Warwickshire correspondent writes: "Thirty recruits have gone from our village, which is very good, considering the population is only 300." A Hertfordshire writer says: "All the young men eligible for service in this village have gone into the Army or Navy." A Dorset boniface sends the message that "about forty of the young men in this place have enlisted, and more are likely to follow." A Cambridgeshire correspondent states that "ninety-two men were sent off from this district on Saturday, and about sixty on Monday. About 250 Territorials, Yeomanry and recruits had gone previously, and recruits are still coming up." A Norfolk villager declares that the villages "around here are fairly stripped of single men," while another Norfolk recruiter reports that he alone has succeeded in getting fifty recruits for the new army and fifty-four for the Territorials. Satisfactory tidings have also been received from Wiltshire, one writer stating that "nearly all the young men are gone from here, and even married men," and from Yorkshire, Northants, Hants, Devon, Cornwall, Oxon and other counties. Recruiting, in fact, became so brisk that the authorities were unable to deal with it at once, and several representations were received on this point. One correspondent put the matter very pithily. "We got," he said, "twenty-one recruits. They had a splendid send-off—much kissing by mothers and sisters and sweethearts, speeches, waving of handkerchiefs and cheering—and then came the anti-climax. They were all sent back to their homes!" "Why," the correspondent asks, "were the men not put under canvas or billeted, or been taught their drill in plain clothes and, if necessary, with dummy rifles?" That, of course, I cannot say, but I think I have succeeded in proving that the rural districts are not going to shirk their share of the fighting. They have done right well so far.

There are, of course, exceptions to the rule in this as in all other cases, and it is in these directions that further effort needs to be concentrated. While we may pride ourselves on the practical sense of duty that has so far been revealed, it should be frankly acknowledged that there are places where only one or a few of the young men have enlisted, and even places where none at all have gone. Education, personal persuasion and, if necessary, drastic measures may be required here. The little army of recruiters who have been engaged with me, often at considerable personal inconvenience, in spreading a knowledge of German perfidy, German aggression and German malice among the people (who find difficulty sometimes in attaching

the proper significance to information of this character that reaches them *via* the peripatetic tradesmen and the local newspaper) will not abate their energy. If they cannot themselves serve their country by bearing arms, they will do everything else

that lies in their power to lend assistance, and shirkers will receive little mercy. The latter are few in number, patriotism being the marrow of the average countryman's bones even as heroic strength is his natural heritage.

J. L. GREEN.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

THE LATE MR. JULIAN MARTIN SMITH.

THE first golfer of note whose death in the war has been reported is Mr. Julian Martin Smith. He went out with the Intelligence Corps and was attached to the 9th Lancers, and took part in the historic charge of that fine regiment which was so fatally expensive in lives, both of men and officers. If he was not quite so well known a golfer as his half-brother, Mr. Everard Martin Smith, he was noted as being capable of putting up a game, when all was going well with him, which no one could beat; and he was always such a gallant and cheerful opponent that we cannot easily think of any man who would be more regretted by his golfing friends. His character was essentially a lovable one. The circumstances attending his death are peculiarly sad, seeing that he was reported missing in the first instance, that a telegram subsequently arrived from him informing his family that he was "all right" in Paris, only to be followed by the lamentable news of his death under an operation which a wound had made necessary. He was one of the most popular members of the Stock Exchange, and the sympathy of a very large circle of friends with Mrs. Martin Smith, his mother, and all his family will be very real and deep.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPION IN THE RANKS.

A notable addition has to be made to the gallery of soldier golfers; no less than the Amateur Champion, Mr. Jenkins, who has enlisted as a private in the Cameron Highlanders. This enlistment in the lowest ranks is really perhaps a more gallant act than volunteering in any other form, and it has its special value, because it is the general opinion of nearly all old soldiers that the more gentlemen there are in the ranks the better, especially in time of war. Mr. Jenkins is not the first of amateur golf champions to fight for his country. Mr. John Ball, greatest of all amateur champions, held the title (it would have been rather an exceptional year in which he did not hold it) when the Boer War had us in its tightest corner, and he went out and fought as a Yeoman. Not only so, but in a competition of his "lot" for the best groomed horse and accoutrements and best turned-out Yeoman altogether, he took the first prize. There is little doubt that our present Amateur Champion will bear himself no less effectively. Mr. Jenkins has a quickness of action with all his golf clubs which suggests that he would be a most unpleasant opponent to engage when he had a bayoneted rifle in his hands. H. G. H.

A PROFESSIONAL ARMY.

It was only a fortnight ago that Mayo conceived the excellent idea that a body of assistant professionals should enlist together. The plan has had an instant success, and on Saturday forty assistants assembled in Trafalgar Square and marched to the nearest recruiting office. All but three unlucky ones passed the doctors, and left Waterloo for Winchester, where they will join the Rifle Brigade. They will learn their new game all the more pleasantly and play it all the harder and better for doing so together, each man having a friend at his elbow. Mayo has done a really useful piece of work, and all golfers will wish his corps the best of luck.

HOW GOLF CLUBS CAN HELP.

It seems as if golf clubs might do yet more (and they have done much) towards aiding recruiting, either for the foreign force or for home defence, if they were to guarantee employment on return from service to any of their employes, caddies (if of an age and ability to serve), groundmen and so on. It is more than likely that many of the clubs have already given this guarantee, which, by the way, ought to include the maintenance of any who are dependent on these volunteers while the latter are engaged for the nation. We hear of clubs from which all the groundmen have gone, and such members as remain to play are doing, by the labour of their own hands, the mowing of the greens and the general work on the course.

THE PROFESSIONAL INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

After all, the professional international match between England and Scotland for the COUNTRY LIFE Cup will not be played this year. It had been suggested that the match should be played on a course near London, and that the gate-money charged should be given to the Prince of Wales' Fund, but it has ultimately been decided that the present crisis makes the playing of a public match inadvisable for the present.

A LETTER FROM AMERICA.

I have received a letter from a friend in America, written just before the beginning of the Amateur Championship at Ekwanok, which, as we have since learned by cable, Mr. Ouimet won in brilliant fashion. My friend proved a true prophet in one respect, in that he said he did not fancy Mr. Travers this year on the ground that the course, though otherwise very attractive, was hardly long enough to provide a very searching test. As regards the final, however, the remark may be made that Mr. Travers would hardly want a very long course on which to meet Mr. Ouimet, since the latter is distinctly the better wooden club player of the two. He describes Ekwanok as having scenery of surpassing beauty, and adds "the dews fall both night and morning, giving the course, as well as the surrounding country, an English landscape, and almost an Irish green." It appears that the rain descended in torrents for thirty hours before the championship began and was still descending when my letter was posted. By the way, it seems to have been generally assumed that Mr. "Chick" Evans did not play in the Amateur Championship, but he certainly did so, and did fairly well in the qualifying rounds, though not so well as usual, for he is generally first in them. He seems to have disappeared early in the match play, though I have not yet heard who was his conqueror. Mr. Norman Brookes, the lawn tennis champion, and Mr. Fred Leslie of Sunningdale were competitors, but I do not know how they fared.

THREE HUNDRED YARD DRIVES.

In vivid contrast to this moist, green British golf in the Amateur Championship is my correspondent's account of the Open Championship at Midlothian, near Chicago. This championship, it will be remembered, was won by Hagin, a "home-bred" professional, with Mr. Evans second only a stroke behind. As I have given no clue to my correspondent's identity, he cannot be murdered by Western golfers, if I quote what he says: "The course was fast, no bunkers to speak of in the proper place, and it received the name of the worst golf course in America. We were glad there were no visitors there. It was not a drive unless you went 300yds., and when you must hit with an iron for fear the ball gets into a trap 250yds. off, it isn't golf." One of my own chief recollections of golf near Chicago is of the extraordinarily long distance one could drive. The ground was so hard that bunkers on the dim horizon, apparently quite out of human range, had to be taken very seriously into consideration. To play pitching shots off that hard ground seemed to me an extraordinarily difficult and skilful business. The mere picking up of the ball—to say nothing of trying to make it stop—found out the timid iron player in me in a remorseless manner.

THE "PREVAILING WIND," A VERY REAL FACT.

A correspondent writes to take me to task for a remark I made in a recent article about the laying out of short holes. He says that it is all nonsense (he does not put his criticism quite so crudely or discourteously, but it comes to something very like that) to speak of laying out holes with any regard to the "prevailing wind." He indicates a belief that the "prevailing wind" is a species of Mrs. Harris, and that in reality there is "no such person." The wind, he argues, blows so very much where it listeth that there is no real prevalence of any one direction of air currents over the British Islands. I am afraid that he will find the general opinion of golfers, who have occasion to study the wind a good deal, against him in this, and the general opinion of aviators, who have perhaps still more of that reason, equally so. But if he should prefer the view, as arrived at by a long continued series of scientific observations, of a professional meteorologist, the results obtained by the late Mr. James Glaisher, F.R.S., for many years at the head of the Meteorological Department at Greenwich Observatory, may be cited for his meditation. Mr. Glaisher found, striking the annual average after ten years of observation, that the wind blew from the south-west and west during 3990.1 hours. A year contains approximately 8,760 hours. The wind, therefore, blows from south-west or west very nearly half the year, and the "prevailing wind" is thus shown to be by no means a Mrs. Harris or negligible quantity in considering how holes should be laid out, especially when we consider that these westerly and south-westerly winds are not only the most frequent, but by far the strongest and most gusty breezes generally in our islands.



Bassano.

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THE LATE MR. JULIAN MARTIN SMITH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LORD ROBERTS' APPEAL TO SPORTSMEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The result of my appeal to sportsmen who are unable to take the field to give the use of their race glasses, field glasses or stalking glasses to our non-commissioned officers under orders for the front has been most gratifying. In the first three days after the issue of the appeal over two thousand glasses were received. These glasses are being distributed as rapidly as possible among the non-commissioned officers destined for active service. I should like to take the opportunity of conveying their sincere gratitude to the owners who have given them the use of their glasses. Most of the glasses received have been of the best modern patterns, and it is easy to realise how valuable they will prove in the field. Those who do not possess field glasses and who desire to assist should send cheques to The Secretary, National Service League, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W. All glasses should also be sent to this address. It will be my pleasure to send a personal letter of thanks to those who in this way contribute to the safety and welfare of our splendid soldiers. Every effort will be made to restore the glasses at the conclusion of the war. In all cases an index number is stamped upon the glasses, and a record of their disposal registered at the offices of the National Service League.—ROBERTS, F.M.

THE VALUE OF ACORNS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The leaderette on acorns is a timely one. This year's crop is heavy, and should be taken the greatest advantage of. There is a saying in the Midlands which runs, "A sandy pig for an acorn," and pig-feeders know that yellow or fair bristled pigs are extremely fond of the nut; more so than pigs of another colour. An old pig-feeder I knew well always let his pigs run under the oaks when the nuts began to fall, and children were paid at the rate of a shilling a peck measure for gathering them. His method was to give the acorns at night after the pigs had disposed of their mash, a quart serving three or four pigs, a dash of coal slack being given with the acorns, the slack being eaten with avidity. Acorns, it was believed, made the pig's flesh as cured bacon firmer and added to the relish when cooked. Many of the poorer folk made the acorns into coffee, and acorn coffee was considered good for weak and consumptive folk, and the drink, if the coffee was properly roasted after the nuts had been split, was by no means bad, as I know from memory. In fact, there was more in the saying than shown when hearing it, "A sandy pig for an acorn."—R. T.

PONIES AS REMOUNTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I agree with your correspondents who say that ponies (by which, I take it, they mean the type more nearly defined by the old name Galloway) would be most useful as mounts for yeomanry at home in order to let the bigger horses go to the front. For at the front there is, in my opinion, no horse so useful for either heavy cavalry or for artillery as the heavy-weight hunter of about 16h.—as well bred as possible; and for light cavalry the light-weight hunter of the same height and breed. It is obvious that a man mounted on a 16h. horse, which is as handy as a pony, must, in shock tactics, have an advantage over a man mounted on a smaller animal. The horse of from 15h. 3in. to 16h. 1in., if well bred, is, in my opinion, the best for any purpose, from tradesman's delivery-van to charger or artillery horse. If well bred he is as hardy as any pony that ever was foaled, and, like the pony, he has sound and good feet, a point in which the coarser bred frequently fails. But, owing to the advent of the motor-car, this class (which includes hackneys and farmers' nags as well as hunters) is very scarce, and where the supply is deficient I had much rather make up my numbers with good cobs and stout ponies than with coarse-bred vanners. No doubt before this war is ended cobs and ponies will be taken, although I am told that, bar the actual loss on the battlefield, there has, up till now, been little wastage, forage having been everywhere plentiful. In the meantime I regret to see yeomanry mounted on the very type of horse which is needed for our cavalry and for our horse and field artillery, while the pony class which would quite well suit their requirements is practically neglected.—EQUESTRIAN.

HORSES FOR THE ARMY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent's suggestion that the War Office should ear-mark all horses out at grass that are suitable for military purposes, so that their owners may not be put to unnecessary trouble and expense in conditioning those that are unsuitable, is an excellent one. May I add to his proposal a suggestion which, it appears to me, would considerably lighten the labours of remount purchasers? Except in cases where there are a number of horses on the same farm, it will be a troublesome thing to search out scattered horses by ones and twos. This difficulty could be overcome if the purchaser could announce in the local papers, post offices, principal inns and shops that he will go to particular villages on certain days at stipulated times for the purpose of examining for suitability all horses brought to him. If the War Office would send him handbills for the post offices, etc., and copies of a circular letter that he could forward to the editors of the local papers after filling in the local details, it is certain they would be exhibited and published. No horse owner would fail to comply with the official request. By this plan the authorities would be able to make a complete census of all the available horses. The purchaser would be in a position not only to ear-mark entirely suitable horses, but would be able to classify all the others. An alternative plan would be for the War Office to send a letter direct to the editors of every country newspaper and bills to the local postmaster for exhibition in the village, asking all owners of horses out at grass to send particulars of their stock direct to the local remount purchaser, whose name would be given. He would then be in a position to ask horse owners to send their horses to a

given centre at a stipulated time. I venture to think by one or other of these plans a great deal of time and trouble would be saved, and every patriotic horse owner would fall into line.—M. J. A.

A CAMBERWELL BEAUTY IN KENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest your readers to learn that on Tuesday, September 8th, a very fine specimen of the Camberwell Beauty (Vanessa Antiopa) flew over the hedge of our bowling green where we were playing bowls, and I was fortunate enough to secure this rare butterfly. The borders of its wings are white, not yellow, as is the case in Continental specimens.—C. W. MUSGRAVE BURTON, Eastling Rectory, Faversham, Kent.

A TAME COOT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My tame coot, Oliver, was the only chick hatched out of a setting of eleven eggs, which I placed under a small broody bantam fowl on April 24th, 1912. They were sent to me by post, and duly "rested" before being placed under the bantam; but when examined the other ten eggs were quite rotten, having doubtless been arrested in incubation during their journey to me, the egg that hatched having probably been the last laid, and therefore quite fresh when sent off. According to my note-book, on May 14th, 1912, I "noticed one coot egg chipping in the evening," and on the following day, "assisted coot egg slightly to hatch." But it was not until the morning of the 17th that I found the youngster had emerged completely, the hatching period having thus occupied two days and two nights, although plenty of moisture had been supplied. Like all young rails, the baby coot was unable to pick up food for itself until about five days old, and after some experiment I discovered, rather accidentally, that it would peck food off the tip of my finger when held in front of it. In a state of Nature the food is passed from the beak of the adult to that of the young, and the young coot twists and bobs its head in a peculiar manner while being "fed"—a habit indulged in by Oliver at times when quite grown. Even as a chick his feet were enormous and furnished with sharp claws, by the help of which he used to pull himself up the side of the hay nest—some four inches high—and then under his foster-mother, who brooded him with much care. The bird had to be fed about every hour from dawn until dusk till able to feed itself. Dried ants' cocoons, soaked in water to soften them, were used principally at first, with an occasional meal of well-cleaned gentles and cut-up mealworms. When the bird commenced to feed itself, a food made from hard-boiled egg and finely ground plain biscuit was given in addition to the insect food mentioned, and as it grew older dry "chick" food and millet and canary seed were also given, and lettuce and cabbage leaves as green food when a couple of months old. A good deal of fresh grass was eaten, as the coop and run in which the bantam was confined with her charge were placed on grass and the position changed daily. I believe a much cheaper dietary would have sufficed, but I felt disinclined to take any risks. When hatched the young coot was covered with a black hair-like growth, but some of the "hairs" on the head and neck were reddish, and there was a curious livid-coloured patch on the head; the beak was shining dull red, with a white spot at the tip, and the eyes dark and the feet dull grey. The bird grew very rapidly, and by July was as large as the bantam, although she still mothered it, and continued to do so until August. Under date of July 21st, 1912, appears in my diary the note, "Coot still on rare occasions calls to bantam hen for food!" The hair-like growth referred to above was quickly shed, being replaced by a coat of dark slate grey down; this in turn, at the age of about five weeks, was gradually replaced by a feather growth, which, as usual, began with the appearance of the primaries, and by July 21st my bird was fully feathered. It was not until the beginning of the present year that the full breeding plumage, together with the snowy white shield and beak, appeared, and the bird is now a very handsome and well grown specimen. As a chick Oliver evinced a horror of bathing water, and when placed in a small bath to see if he would swim scuttled out again as quickly as possible. When first allowed his liberty about the garden (with the flights of one wing clipped) he kept up a plaintive wail for a whole week, perhaps owing to nervousness, so that we were almost obliged to part with him on account of the noise. His appetite at this period would have done credit to an ostrich, and it was because he constantly "asked for more" that he received the name of Dickens' hero. Unable to find any real explanation for the continuous uproar, I was at my wits' end to discover a cure, when a friend suggested that perhaps the bird would enter the water if supplied with it in a shallow vessel, and, surely enough, he entered of his own accord a large soup plate filled with water, and from wading in it learnt to bathe there, then to bathe in deeper water, and now he swims and dives as well as any wild-bred coot could within the restricted area of a large foot-bath. But much of his time is spent walking about the small lawn, and he indulges in a siesta under the shade of some sunflowers, first beating down the grass with his large feet. The sound made then is audible at a distance of several feet. Quite half the bulk of his food consists of grass, and he grazes, although not so systematically as a goose. Oliver is naturally very tame, and likes to have his neck ruffled; he will also carry a small piece of folded paper in his beak, a distance of several yards, from myself to my sister and *vice versa*, and if an article is dropped into a large jug filled with water he will thrust his head into the water and fetch up the trinket. Untaught tricks consist in tweaking the cat's tail, pinching the dog's legs, trying to unfasten my shoe-laces and climbing up two steps into the scullery, where he immediately proceeds to the corner where is the pan containing the dogs' drinking water, which he promptly upsets, and quickly escapes, squeaking with delight as he goes. Besides this squeak he utters the call-note of his species, "Hoot, hoot" or "Coot, coot," rapidly repeated, the "oo" being accented. This must be purely inherited, as he has never seen or heard a wild coot all his life.—ROSELYN MANNERING.

A SOUTHDOWN SHEPHERD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see in COUNTRY LIFE a picture of "The Forester and His Dog," one of the old-fashioned "bob-tailed" sheepdogs. I am enclosing a photograph of a Southdown shepherd with his dog, which, except that it is not "bob-tailed," answers exactly to the description of the forester's dog. It is evidently a descendant from these dogs. It is a particularly fine dog, as at present it is only just six months old, and is being trained to attend to the sheep. In old days these Southdown shepherds used to be very proud of their crooks as well as of their dogs. The making of them was one of the old Sussex industries, the most noted place for making them being at Pyecombe, a small



A PROMISING YOUNG SHEEP DOG.

hamlet lying among the Southdowns, about four or five miles from Brighton. These crooks became quite heirlooms in the shepherds' families, being handed down from father to son, thus many of them being over a hundred years old. Now they are made chiefly up in the North, and can be bought in any shop; but these are looked down upon by the real old shepherds, and one was heard to remark that "the new crook was not the same as the old

Pyecombe ones, as they were made by those who knew how to use them as well as make them." He had made his own out of an old muzzle-loader.—ELEANOR SHIFFNER.

APPLE RINGS FOR WINTER USE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It has been mentioned in the Press that the apple crop in Kent and elsewhere is unusually heavy this year, and also that, as the market for them, owing to the present situation, is not sufficiently large, they are in likelihood of being wasted. If this is really the case, why do not English people preserve them in the simple way practised in Continental households during the apple season? The apple rings made there are excellent eating in pies or puddings during the winter time, when other fruit is over, and the process is of no cost in the way of sugar. The method is an easy one. Each apple is carefully peeled and the core cut out of the centre, leaving a round hole. The apple then is cut into rings or small quarters, not less than a quarter of an inch thick. These are carefully dried in the kitchen, in a warm place near the stove. The rack above the range is quite a suitable place when the fire is not too big, and placed there in relays between sheets of paper they will dry gradually. When finished they are of a leathery substance and a lightish brown colour. Put away in a dry store room they keep very well for a long time, and are a useful asset for the careful manager of a thrifty household. Apple jam, too, is very good and wholesome eating, both for children and grown-ups, but this should be made of one kind of apple at a boiling, allowing 1½ lb. of sugar to every lb. of fruit, and simmering gently until the apple becomes soft and pulpy. It is prepared in the same way as the apple rings, with the addition of some sliced lemon peel. Apple jelly is made like currant jelly, with the addition of a quarter of a pint of water to every pound of apple, and a larger proportion of sugar than for jam. When properly made it is of a beautifully clear red colour. We have to economise in our households this winter, and waste of good fruit at a time like this is absolutely sinful. Apples have wholesome and nourishing properties, especially if eaten with bread. To store them whole takes a great deal of space, as they must be placed singly on floors or shelves of a dry room; but if preserved in one or other of the above ways an all-round economy is effected.—HELEN A.C. PENRUDDOCKE.

THE GREY SQUIRREL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Touching the grey squirrel referred to in your columns, I may say that I have been watching, with much interest, its numbers and migrations, and have also, like most people, an interest in the brown squirrel, which is more picturesque, though I regard it as injurious to the growth and development of some trees, e.g., the Scots fir. The grey animal I have seen in America in most of the Eastern States—in the Catskills, the Adirondacks and the White Mountains—and as far South as Florida, and in very great numbers, and very tame, in the Central Park, New York, where it is almost domesticated—features which are also shown by it, though in a less degree, since it made its presence known in Regent's Park. For the last year or two I have been looking for

the grey squirrel here, and it has just made its appearance, but not in any numbers. For some reasons I have been glad to see it, but there is one strong objection: where it comes, the brown variety tends to disappear, for reasons which I am observing. The loss of the latter is a sacrifice not readily to be made, while to keep both seems difficult, if not impossible.—A. K. R.

THE SEA-LION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with interest your correspondent's note of the 22nd ult. regarding the above. I think it would be a pity if the British Columbian authorities were to pass legislation which would lead to the extinction of this noble sea animal without the fullest investigation as to its habits, and how far it is to be blamed for destroying the salmon along these coasts. Although partial to salmon, it has many other foods, particularly cuttlefish, white fish and marine plants. Years ago I had some acquaintance with these animals, which breed in large numbers on uninhabited islands off the coast of Peru. Very interesting it was, as a vessel approached one of those islands, to see it crowded with hundreds of them, all peering intently with their sagacious-looking heads at the oncoming ship, the sudden blast of a steam-whistle, as she passed close, causing a perfect panic, so that they leapt from the rocks or tumbled over each other like boys at leap-frog, in their haste to reach the water. They are now jealously guarded by the Peruvian Government, as it is supposed the whole of the Guano Islands were once covered with them. As there are no salmon nor large rivers in this particular part they must subsist on what the seas around provide. It may not, perhaps, be generally known that there is a much larger member of the seal family, the sea-elephant (*Macrorhinus proboscideus*), reaching to thirty feet in length. It was supposed to have become quite extinct, owing to the ravages of whalers and seal-hunters; but two years ago an American scientific exploring party from the United States ship Albatross suddenly discovered a herd of those magnificent animals on the island of Guadalupe, off the coast of California. A peculiarity of the animal is its snout, which becomes greatly extended when enraged, and the large eyes (nearly three inches in diameter), while it utters a fearsome bellowing note, which seems to have quite awed the party. One bull they tried to round off and capture, but failed, and it was shot, when it was found to measure twenty-one feet in length. Five young sea-elephants were, however, captured and taken away in the boat; they were sent to the New York Aquarium, and, I hope, are still alive. The American Government, I understand, have adopted strict measures for the protection of any that exist on their coasts in the hope that those noble animals may not become entirely extinct.—J. F.

SOME UNKNOWN INSECTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would examine the two crab-like creatures in enclosed pill-box taken from the bodies of two fully grown swifts which I found lying on the garden path yesterday apparently stunned by their fall from the housetop. My gardener tells me that the animals are quite unknown to him. The birds were in an emaciated condition when picked up, arising, no doubt, from the parasites, of which there were at least half a dozen on each bird, feeding on their bodies. I have never met with a similar case, but possibly it is not uncommon. Any information you can give me I shall be glad to have.—FLORENCE ERSKINE COPE.

[The insects forwarded are *Diptera*, Fam. *Ornithomyiidae* gen. et sp. *Crataerhina pallida* (Latr.) = *Oxypterus pallidum* (Latr.). The beast is better known by the latter name, but the former is the name it is known by now.—Ed.]

THE WASP SLAYER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]
SIR,—The enclosed photograph is of one of my gardeners and 1,053 queen wasps he caught during the early summer. He gained the first prize at the local show.—E. P.

THE WASP SLAYER:
OVER A THOUSAND QUEENS.